The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Senator Bayard, Delaware's noblest son, gives Cleveland and Hendricks his warmest support.

Democrats all over the country are wild with joy over the nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks.

Judge Thurman, one of the country's purest and noblest Democrats, strongly endorses Cleveland.

Let the star-route and other rascals look out—Grover Cleveland once hung a man.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle-Herald* observes that the most powerful republican microscope cannot discover a single tattoo mark on the skin of Grover Cleveland.

"Grover Cleveland," says the Philad. *Press*, in behalf of Blaine, "has no past."

There are thousands of voters in Mr. Blaine's own party whose chief objection to Mr. Blaine as a candidate is that he has too much past. It is a past defaced with great and indelible stains.

The Republicans have Blaine as the magnetic candidate. The west boasts of a magnetic lady. Now let "dirty-work Logan" be shoved off, and the magnetic girl of the west be shoved on and if that don't raise thunder, what will?

It comes very near the old ticket. Cleveland has been the same kind of Governor Tilden was, and provoked the same enemies. Hendricks stands for himself, and after the 4th of March next will hold the place in the Government to which the people elected him in 1876.

Some of the Republicans cry against Cleveland, that he once hung a man. As sheriff, in the discharge of his duty, he did hang a man who was guilty. But now the REPORTER would like to ask how it is with you[illegible]rads who twice swallowed Hartranft for governor after hanging an innocent woman, Mrs. Surratt?

We wait for a reply.

The pictures of public men, published by some of our exchanges, are horrid affairs. That put out as a portrait of Gov. Cleveland looks as if he had a big chew of tobacco in each cheek, whereas neither Gov. Cleveland nor the editor of the REPORTER *chaw* tobacco. Cleveland, however, will chaw up tattooed Blaine and his "dirty John" next November.

The New York *Herald* prints a column of brief, terse and emphatic opinions of Cleveland's nomination by the leading bank officers and business men of New York City. The strongest Republicans admit the nomination the best possible. Many of them will support it, while the Democrats and Independent Republicans are enthusiastic. The *Herald* flies Cleveland and Hendricks at its masthead in big type.

Edward I. Conden, the fraudulent messenger boy who collected money from several guests in the Fifth Avenue Hotel on fraudulent telegrams, was brought before Recorder Smith. The charge was that of stealing telegraph blanks valued at one cent. He was found guilty and sent to the penitentiary for one year.

If Conden had been a star route thief or a member of the firm of Grant & Ward, he would have gone scott free and could have stood high in the Blaine ranks.

During Mr. Blaine's brief administration of the state Department in the Garfield cabinet he proved himself totally unfit to cope with the diplomacy of other nations. He came very near involving the United States in a war with Chili about the private business of a person who was not a citizen of the United States. He did his best to provoke hostilities with the friendly neighbor republic of Mexico by undertaking to meddle in the settlement of the boundary line between that country and Guatemala. He left the relations of the United States with a number of foreign states in so complicated a condition that his successor found it very delicate and difficult task to disentangle them. It is therefore not a matter of wonder that the business men of the country regard him as an improper and unsafe candidate.

It is whispered about that Arthur has said to more than one friend emphatically that he does not care a continental whether the Republican ticket is elected or not, and these whispers are traced to sources that are esteemed to be good authority.

It is said, furthermore, that the Cabinet are entirely in sympathy with Arthur, with the exception of Chandler and possibly Gresham. Folger has been heard to say plainly that as the Blaine men in New York staid at home when he was a candidate against Cleveland, therefore he will not lift his hand for Blaine against Cleveland.

WORKMEN GETTING THEIR EYES OPENED.

We are told that if the tariff is taken off we will be forced to compete with and brought to the level of the pauper labor of Europe. That's too thin. We know while they are slyly whispering pauper labor in our ears, they are at the same time negotiating for the importation of these hordes as fast as they can procure them. That's the kind of protection these magnanimous politicians give us. It would be a cure for sore-eyes to see anything but a Hungarian or an Italian working about the breakers of the middle division coal fields to-day. Just where protection is needed is where they fail to give it. Cheaper necessaries of life and a restriction of this much-talked-of foreign labor is what the working men want. * * * * It is time for the laboring classes of Pennsylvania to open their eyes and look this question of the tariff square in the face. We have been deceived long enough. We have had the tariff for the last 20 years, and has it improved our condition? We had the tariff in 1876 when the labor riots occurred, and we have tariff in 1884 with prospects just as gloomy. Let us have a change. Under a tariff for revenne only times cannot be much worse. Let us relegate to the rear the Randalls, the Kelleys, the Storms, and other political traitors, who vote to make the people pay taxes on the very necessaries of life, and thereby add an annual surplus of $100,000 into the already overflowing treasury of the United States.

AN ILLINOIS BOLT.

Belleville, Ill., July 17.—A meeting of German Republicans was held last night and a society formed for political purposes during the present campaign. The object of the society is to work for Cleveland and Hendricks and against Blaine and Logan. Sixty-two Republicans joined the organization last night, and it is expected that the number will be increased to 200 at the next meeting. It is the intention to organize branches of the society all over the county and have almost the entire German Republican vote of St. Clare county cast for Cleveland and Hendricks. After the election the societies will break up and the members return to the Republican party and remain there provided the party gives them respectable candidates to vote for.

THE FACTS ABOUT CLEVELAND'S VETOES.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The grounds upon which it was sought to create prejudice against Gov. Cleveland are his vetoes of the 5-cent fare bill, the machanics' lien bill and the bill regulating the hours of labor of drivers and conductors of horse cars.

The bill fixing the fare on the elevated railways at five cents abrogated a right vested in the corporation by a previous Legislature. In that act the regulation of fares was distinctly surrendered by the State until the net earnings should reach a given sum. In spite of this agreement in the contract the Legislature of 1883 passed a bill making a uniform rate of five cents. The Governor vetoed it on the ground that the Legislature could not abrogate a vested right. There was not the slightest doubt that the courts of the state would have taken the same view.

That the proposed reductions were only of the slightest interest to workingmen is shown by the fact that the rate had long been five cents from 5.30 to 8.30 a. m. and from 4.30 to 7.30 p. m. The reduction of fares at other hours in the day was a manifest advantage to bankers, brokers, business men and amusement seekers, but not of the smallest interest to laboring men and mechanics, who already had the privileges the vetoed bill conferred. Opposition to the veto was short-lived and a feeling of satisfaction followed that one man had been found who had the pluck and the intelligence to oppose such futile legislation even at the risk of incurring popular disapproval.

The Governor also interposed his veto to the mechanics' lien bill. The original intention of this bill was to give mechanics power to secure their wages by means of liens. But it was so amended that its purpose was either obscure or lost. It gave parties four months after performance of work or furnishing of material to file a lien, a period rediculously prolonged. It also allowed the same costs as in foreclosures, which in the case of small bills would have been so enormous as to eat them up entirely. But worst of all it repealed existing mechanics' lien laws, which were far more favorable to the working people than the new law. It was found to be a scheme to make increased lawyers' bills and to diminish the protection afforded the mechanic. The Governor very properly accepted the lesser evil and vetoed the defective bill.

The bill making twelve hours a day's work for conductors and drivers on street cars did not in any way prohibit the making of a contract requiring any number of hours work and, if it had, the Governor very aptly objected that it was an interference with the rights of employers. It was plain that if the car drivers and conductors worked fewer hours they would receive less pay, and the bill neither did or could prevent that. The Governor concluded his objections by saying: "I cannot think this bill is in the interest of the workingmen."

One charge remains against Governor Cleveland's vetoes. The last Legislature made a small appropriation for a charitable institution known as the Weschester Catholic Protectory. The Governor struck it out and the charge has been made that he was hostile to the Catholic Church as such. Mr. Henry L. Hoguet, president of the Protectory, says on this question:

We never doubted the sincerity of the motive which induced Governor Cleveland to withhold his signature to the appropriation to the Protectory; we thought then and think now that he was not actuated by any feeling of bigotry or hostility to Catholics or the Catholic institution. On the contrary, Gov. Cleveland is liberal in the extreme, and we are of the firm belief that he was led to withholding his approval of the appropriation solely by a sense of public duty as he viewed it.

Upon these facts are based all the charges made against Gov. Clevelend by which it is sought to raise objections to him among the laboring and religious elements.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

A Man in whose Person the Actual Issues are Defined.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The nomination of Governor Cleveland defines sharply the actual issue of the presidential election of this year. He is a man whose absolute official integrity has never been questioned, who has no laborious and doubtful explanations to undertake, and who is universally known as the governor of New York elected by an unprecedented majority which was not partisan, and represented both the votes and the consent of an enormous body of republicans, and who as the chief executive of the state has steadily withstood the blemishments and the threats of the worst elements of his party, and has justly earned the reputation of a corageous, independent and efficient friend and promoter of admiostrative reform. His name has become that of the especial representative among our public men of the integrity, purity and economy of administration which are the objects of the most intelligent and patriotic citizens. The bitter and furious hostility of Tammany hall and of General Butler to Governor Cleveland as his passport to the confidence of good men and the general conviction that Tammany will do all that it can to defeat him will be an additional incentive to the voters who cannot support Mr. Blaine, and who are unwilling not to vote at all, to secure the election of a candidate whom the political rings and the party traders hate and unitedly oppose.

So firm and "clean" and independent in his high office has Gov. Cleveland shown himself to be that he is denounced as not being a democrat by his democratic opponents. This denunciation springs from the fact that he has not hesitated to prefer the public welfare to the mere interest of his party. Last autumn when the democratic district attorney of Queens county was charged with misconduct, the governor heard the accusation and the defense, and decided that it was his duty to remove the officer. He was asked by his party friends to defer the removal until after the election, as otherwise the party would lose the district by the opposition of the attorney's friends. The governor understood his duty, and removed the officer some days before the election, and the party did lose the district. This kind of courage and devotion to public duty in the teeth of the most virulent opposition of traders of his own party is unusual in a public man, and it shows precisely the executive quality which is demanded at a time when every form of speculation and fraud presses upon the public treasury under the specious plea of party advantage.

The argument that in an election it is not a man but a party that is supported, and that the democratic party is less to be trusted than the republican is futile at a time when the republican party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most conscientious republicans cannot support, and the democratic party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most venal democrats practically bolt. Distrust of the democratic party springs from the conduct of the very democrats who madly oppose Governor Cleveland because they know they cannot use him. The mere party argument is vain also, because no honorable man will be whipped in to vote for a candidate whom he believes to be personally disqualified for the presidency on the ground that a party ought to be sustained. No honorable republican would sustain his party for such a reason, and the honest republicans who propose to vote for Mr. Blaine will do so because they do not believe, as the protesting republicans do believe, that he made his official action subserve a personal advantage. Nothing is more hopeless than an attempt to pursuade such republicans to sustain their party by voting for an unworthy candidate. Should they help to reward such a candidate by conferring upon him the highest official honor in the world they could not reasonably expect the nomination of a worthier candidate at the next election, and they could not consistently oppose the election of any candidate whom their party might select. The time to defeat unfit nominations is when they are made, not next time. The nomination of Gov. Cleveland is due not so much to the preference of his party as to the general demand of the country for a candidate which stands for precisely the qualities and services which are associated with his name.

WORK TO BE RESUMED.

Pittsburg, July 15.—Indications point to an early resumption of work in the river coal mines. The strikes are weakening in the second and fourth pools and a number of men returned to work today.

COMMODORE SCHLEY TELLS HOW THE GREELY PARTY WAS RESCUED.

[By Associated Press.]

Washington, July 17.—The following is a telegram relative to the discovery of the Greely party received at the Navy Department:

St. Johns, N. F.—9 a. m., July 17.

HON. W. E. CHANDLER, *Sec. of the Navy, Washington*:

The Thetis, Bear and Loch Garry arrived here to-day from West Greenland. All well. Separated from Alert 150 miles north during a gale. At 9 a. m., June 22, five miles off Cape Sabine, in Smith's Sound, the Thetis and Bear rescued alive Lieut. A. W. Greely, Sergeant Brainerd, Serg't Fredericks, Serg't Long, Hospital Stewart Beiderback, Private Connel and Serg't Ellison, the only survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay Exposition. Serg't Ellison had lost both hands and feet by frost bite and died July 6 at Good Haven, three days after amputation, which had become imperative. Seventeen of the 25 persons composing this expedition perished by starvation at the point where found. One was drowned while sealing to procure food. Twelve bodies of the dead were rescued, and are now on board the Thetis and Bear. One Eskimo was buried at Disco in accordance with the desire of the Inspector of Western Greenland. Five bodies buried in the ice near the camp, were swept away to sea by winds and currents before our arrival and could not be recovered.

When the provisions were consumed the party was forced to live upon boiled seal skin straps from their seal skin clothing. Lichens and shrimps were procured in good weather, when they were strong enough to make the exertion. As 1300 triumphs were required to fill a gill measure the labor was too exhausting to depend upon them to sustain life entirely. The channel between Cape Sabine and Littleton Island did not close on account of violent gales all winter, so that 240 rations at the latter point could not be reached. All of Greely's records and all instruments brought by him from Fort Conger are recovered and are on board.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

London, July 16.—An express train on the Manchester and Sheffield railway was wrecked to-day. Five persons were killed and many injured.

Later reports state that twenty-five persons were killed and forty seriously injured.

QUEER CAUSE OF SUICIDE.

Pittsburg, July 15.—Lizzie Emerick, aged 20 years, well known in Franklin township, committed suicide by shooting. Her inability to keep up with the other pupils at school is assigned as the reason for her act.

AN IMPENDING STRIKE.

New York, July 20.—Nearly 7,000 laborers, as well as 2,500 bricklayers, will go out on a strike at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, if the builders refuse to grant their demand that a day's work shall be nine hours instead of ten. The laborers are satisfied with their wages, which are $2.50 a day. The action on the part of the laborers is a sequel of the determination of the bricklayers to work only 9 hours. Among the builders there seems to be a lack of union. It is thought that the majority will give in at once. It is certain, however, that some are going to fight.

Marseilles, July 16.—12:30 A. M.—The deaths here from cholera during the past 24 hours were 53. Total since the appearance of the plague, 587.

Marsailes, July 14.—There were thirty-six deaths from cholera in this city during the 24 hours that ended at 9 this evening.

COUNTRY HOUSE IN KENTUCKY.

English novels have made the novel-reading world familiar with the characteristics of English country gentlemen; their hospitality, their broad acres, and above all, the comfort of their homes. Around their hearthstones gather their friends from far and near, and all the comforts and all the refinements of modern civilization are called in to make them happy. It is the same at Mt. Sterling. There is none of that pretentious shoddiness which so disgusts one among the wealthy parvenues of the large commercial centres. Comfort, not style, elegance, not attempted show, are the rule. The house is large and roomy, and seems to be meant to accomodate a large number of guests, as no doubt it does. Every room is a model of comfort. Great feather beds, inviting you to slumber, remind one of the good old Knickerbocker homes about which Irving loved to write. The fireplaces are broad, hearty and hospitable, just the kind to make your heart warm and fill you with a feeling of satisfaction towards yourself and all the world. The furniture is in accord with what you would expect in a home where comfort ruled and not show. Sofas, made to sit on and to lie on and not to look at are scattered about and are covered with rich and warm-looking rugs, while bright and substantial-looking carpets are spread over the floors. The three graces of modern civilization—order, elegance and comfort—show themselves everywhere, and the greatest of these, as my genial host and his sister will tell you, is comfort.

The crops throughout Prussia are unusually good.

Scientific.

Sorghum sugar, reported by experts to be of good flavor and quality, has been made this year for the first time in the neighborhood of Phœnix, Arizona.

It is asserted that passengers perceive a difference in the ease of riding in cars having the larger or smaller wheels, and that they prefer those with the large ones. This, says the *National Car Builder*, is significant if not conclusive.

Yellow fever is said to be propagated by the sting of the mosquito, on the authority of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, who has seen under the microscope spores and filaments of a particular nature on the sting of one of these insects that had just bitten a patient suffering from yellow fever.

It is a very significant fact indicative of the closing of the gulf between the distant East and the far West, in quite an unexpected direction, that the appointment of a Japanese student as assistant to the Professor of Anatomy at Berlin has received the approval of the Minister of Public Worship.

Dwellings for artisans are at present built on an improved plan at Hornsey, England. They are erected on plots 15 feet 6 inches wide by 80 feet in depth, and differ from the first class merely in having one bedroom less and one water-closet only on the ground floor. The rental is not more than $2 a week.

Paraffine is now superseding spermaceti for many purposes, and refiners are hardly so anxious to extract it from the oil. Yet there is a considerable demand for spermaceti from Sweden, where it is largely employed in the manufacture of matches, and in that country the match-making business is very active.

The new ten-versts-to-an-inch map of Russia, by M. Tillo, gives the following as the length of the chief rivers of the empire: Volga, 2,198 miles, (the verst being taken as equal to 0.663 mile;) Ural, 1,480 miles; Dnieper, 1,329 miles; Don, 112 miles; Kama, 1,117 miles; Petchora, 1,024 miles, and the Oka, 915 miles.

The National Hungarian Exhibition is to open on May 1, 1885, and remain open to Oct. 15. In connection with this display there will be an international section for tools, machines, motors, agricultural machines, patented inventions, etc., in which Americans may open up a new market for their manufactures.

On distilling sodic chloride with the selenized, as in the manufacture of hydrochoric acid, Dr. Drinkwater found that all the selenum distilled over and was dissolved in the acid, the saline residue being practically free from the impurity. The results were independent of either temperature or quantity of acid employed.

As communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Erington de la Croix, the grand earthquake wave of Aug. 27, the effect of the memorable Krakatoa catastrophe, seems to have been propagated across the Indian Ocean at the prodigious speed of not less than 250 miles per second, or 2,000 kilometres per hour.

Tests of the electric light on board the German iron-clad squadron disposes of the idea that the new illuminant is any protection against the attacks of torpedo boats. These miniature marine warriors not only could approach quite unperceived the huge fortresses afloat, but the ray of the electric are served as a guide to the aim of the torpedo-bearing craft.

Gen. Berdan is said to have invented a new fuse for shell projectiles, which cannot fail to effect explosion at the right moment. The principle involved consists in utilizing the rotary motion of the projectile to ignite a fuse after the former has made a certain number of revolutions. The rifling of the gun determines the space passed over in each revolution, thus permitting the adjustment.

Solidification of nitrogen, according to an experiment by M. S. Wroblewski by means of boiling oxygen, is effected at an approximate temperature of 1868 C. As yet he declines to explain the process by which he arrives at the result in detail; but he adds that when subjected to this intense degree of cold the nitrogen is clearly solidified and falls to the bottom of the vessel in which it is contained like flakes of snow of a very remarkable size.

However slight the terrestrial intercourse between Dante and Beatrice or Petrarch and Laura, time changes the proportion of things, and in later days it is preferable to have fewer sonnets and more conversation.

Whatever our place, allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of duty. God estimates not by the position we are in, but by the way in which w fill it

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 20 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEW'S EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 39 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
WMP'T ACC'N	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent.

FOR THE

-:FARMERS:-

—AND—

OTHERS.

We are still falling to low prices on all of our stock of merchandise.

HARPOON HAY FORKS,

(single and double,) at $4.50 to $5—sold a very short time ago at $7.50. Hay Fork Pulleys at 25c each. Best Manilla (not sisal) from ¾ to 2 inches.

Dunn's, Beardsley, Eagle and Clipper,

GRAIN AND GRASS SCYTHES,

(Razor Edges) 75 cents to $1.15. Emory Stones, Scythe Stones and Rifles at unusually low rates.

SILVER HOLLOW WARE.

Our Silverware surprises every one for its beautiful appearance, elegance of design, and prices lower than were ever known.

PAPER BAGS.

We are all right again on paper bags. We quote the trade at 40 per cent. off and an extra 5 per cent. off on lots of 5,000 or more.

PUMPS.

There has been a great decline in the price of pumps. If you want one write to us for prices, or call and see them. Cistern pumps $3.50, formerly $5½. Chain pumps at $3½, formerly $5½.

LUMBER.

If you please look at this: 25,000 White Pine and Hemlock Pickets, flat and square headed, 3, 3½ and 4 feet. Frame lumber in large quantities at $14 per thousand feet. 18-inch, White Pine Shingles, No. 1, at $4½ per thousand, and less in large quantities. White Pine Selects and Barn Lumber, rough or surfaced, from $20 to $60 per thousand. White and yellow pine Flooring, 1-inch, at $25 per thousand. Hemlock Flooring from $18 to $22 per thousand.

TIN CUPS, BRASS KETTLES, PRESERVING KETTLES, &c.

Think of Tin Cups at 25 cents per dozen, or 2 cents each; just as good as we make to sell at 5 cents each. Good stamped Tin Basins at 15, 18 and 25 cts. each. We are paying much attention to our tinware stock. More than we have ever done to supply the wants of every one with something that is really good

COAL. COAL.

Clearfield Coal in lots at shippers' prices. Anthracite Coal in lots at shippers' prices.

LOOK! PAINTS! LOOK!

Liquid Paints for houses, barns, roofs, etc., in four different colors, made to our own order at $1 per gallon.

GRAIN CRADLES.

Our supply of Grain Cradles this season is unusually large. Western cradle at $2½, Eagle Cradle at $2.75—best cradle in market, Ball's cradle, at $3½.

TIN CANS AND FRUIT JARS.

Ordered to be shipped to us on July 1, (in season) 21,600 Tin Quart Cans. Every can warranted, and will be offered for sale from 50 to 60 cents per dozen. At same time expect to receive 9,000 Mason Fruit Jars which are high and advancing but we will hold our present stock at present prices, without variation or abatement.

CEDARWARE & MATCHES

have our positive attention, all of which we are selling at Eastern prices. Good Brooms at $1.75 per dozen.

Door and Window Screens to suit any door or window, ready to put up.

100 barrels of Rosendale Cement at reduced prices. THE TRADE will please address us for trade prices.

Yours Yespectfully,

F. G. FRANCISCUS,

feb26tf LEWISTOWN, PA.

THE CITY OF SOMEWHERE.

In the beautiful City of Somewhere
  Men never fade nor grow old,
Beauty is beauty forever,
  Hearts never fail or grow cold,
Kind words only are spoken—
  Soothing, and soft, and low
As the wind sighing over Æolian harps,
  Wherever the light winds blow
Over the City of Somewhere,
  Over the magic sea,
Bear on, Life-bark, o'er the perfumed tide,
  Win that Rainbow land for me.

In the beautiful City of Somewhere
  Song-birds are pluming their wings,
And the turq oise-tinted atmosphere
  To its deepest concave rings;
And on its way to the deep-bass Sea
  The tenor River sings.
No touch of olden Master,
  No solemn and saintly choir,
With hymn from dim cathedral aisle
  Could rapture like this inspire.

O golden boat and silver sea,
  And sails of satiny sheen,
O milk white sails and ivory oars,
  Ye will bear me well, I ween!
Our odorous masts are of sandal wood,
  And up at the peak they hold
A pennant bearing the City's sign,—
  An anchor, broidered in gold.

AN ALLEGHENY GYPSY.

I recognized her at once. It is true that I had only a glance at her face, but that glance was enough to convince me that she was the original of the picture Tom Graham had shown to me.

I had taken refuge from the shower under a cattle shed, and, seated therein on an old milking stool, I watched the swaying of the gray portiere which the strands of rain wove for the doorless doorway. With the water leaking through the decaying roof and the general dampness of my condition forcing itself on my attention, I began to wonder why I was there. That morning I had been on the east-bound "express" with no more thought of Deer Park in my mind than of Saratoga or Newport; but when the train flashed into the little station the place looked so cool and inviting, and offered such a contrast to the fierce heat I expected to endure in Washington, that I seized my bag and left the cars, having barely time to secure a lay-over check from the conductor before the train shot off again.

After I had taken breakfast I strolled down the shaded road that leads to Oakland, which at first almost solitary, soon became quite brilliant with handsome horses, carriages, and brightly dressed ladies. I gazed eagerly at the occupants of the numerous dog carts, buckboards, and phaetons with the hope of discovering some friend or acquaintance, but I was disappointed, and walked on over the smooth road, unheeding the distance, until the sight of a church spire and other evidences of a settlement showed me that I was near Oakland. I went on into the village, found a friend at the hotel with whom I dined, and was returning to Deer Park when a shower fell from the clouds that completely drenched the mountains and revived them from the drowsy unconsciousness of an August midday. The rain ceased as suddenly as it came. The sun came out with a small kerchief of cloud over one eye and a light breeze rustled the newly varnished leaves. The fringe foot-paths at the roadside twinkled with innumerable rain drops, and muddy streams trickled therefrom into the road below.

I had just left the cow-shed and resumed my walk when there came dashing down the road a small equipage, consisting of a brown pony and a yellow dog-cart. In the cart were two young ladies in summer clothing, their faces partially concealed by a large parasol, on whose creamy shores beat breakers of foamy lace. There was a flutter of red from the whip stock, a mass of ferns showing under the seat, and the brow of the conquering pony was wreathed with oak. That capricious little animal, after cantering at will over the downward and level road, came to an abrupt stop at the foot of a hill not far ahead, and then reluctanly dragged his burden upward and onward. The red danger signal hung limp from the whip, the parasol lace ceased to chafe its silken island, and gradually the festive little vehicle disappeared from sight until even the red tassel of the tip of the whip sank behind the Allegheny horizon.

As I said, I recognized her at once. She who held the reins that were supposed to guide the wilful pony was undoubtedly Eleanor Sawyer; and Eleanor Sawyer was the young woman to whom Tom Graham had devoted himself, in spirit, so unsuccessfully, for over two years. I say in spirit for the reason that Tom had not been allowed a nearer devotion. It was a mystery to every one why old Mr. Sawyer was so uncompromising in his opposition to Tom Graham, for he was a young man of good family and good habits, with a growing reputation and income. Certain it was, however, that if that young person had presented himself at Deer Park Mr. Sawyer would either have restricted his daughter's freedom to the second story verandah, where he kept his own gouty foot bolstered up on a chair, or have whisked her off to some other resort at the first appearance of the adversary.

I recalled these things which Tom had told me as I climbed the hill behind which the dog-cart had set, and to my surprise saw that the brown pony had come to a standstill and that Miss Sawyer seemed to be remonstrating with her companion, who, evidently in a state of great perturbation, was glancing anxiously toward a tent at the foot of the hill. It had been pitched since my morning walk to Oakland, and there was an undeniable gypsyish air about the encampment that had probably frightened the more timid of the young ladies in the cart. I passed them and went on down the hill and soon discovered that they were following me and were subduing with difficulty the brown pony to a slow pace.

In front of the tent lay a swarthy man watching a fire that had just been kindled under a black kettle. He was a repulsive being, and I could not wonder at the timidity of the young ladies. Behind the tent gleamed the white sun bonnet of a traveler's wagon, and one or two mules were tethered near by. I eyed the man sharply, but he made no movement other than to turn his head to look at us. When we were well past him the young ladies whipped up the brown pony and disappeared around the bend in the road, and at exactly the moment when I saw the last of the fluttering parasol lace, I thought I heard my name pronounced. I turned but saw no one, and went on. Again I heard the same sound, and that time I saw something that made me turn back.

That night it was an accepted fact at the hotel that there was a gypsy camp on the Oakland road. Several persons had passed the tent and had seen the repulsive, dark man, and one lady had met two queer-looking men on horseback, with huge saddle bags, that were doubtless filled with plunder from the neighboring farms. It made a flutter in the hotel office, where the ladies lingered after tea to talk it over. As a result of the discussion, those ladies who had felt perfect freedom to walk and drive alone became quite cautious. Timid mammas forbade their daughters to drive in the direction of the camp. The only lady who seemed utterly reckless was Eleanor Sawyer, who took her usual drive in the usual direction in spite of mysterious camps or dark complexioned men.

I may as well say here that after my first day at Deer Park I had been much with the Sawyers'; I had discovered that Mr. Sawyer and my father were old-time friends and classmates; and the old gentleman had received me very cordially for my father's sake, and bade me keep an eye on his daughter and his niece Alice Wolverton, who I found was Miss Sawyer's companion on the morning when the gypsy camp was discovered. In the case of the latter this became an easy and most willing privilege, but with Eleanor Sawyer it was a different matter. That young lady developed a will power that amounted to obstinacy. I well remember the last time I saw her start out alone in that cart. I shall not attempt to describe her as she appeared to me that afternoon; but the gleam in her gray eye and the fresh color on her cheek as she took her seat in the little carriage, and the trim figure in its blue cloth dress I shall never forget. I remember thinking that Tom Graham was a lucky man to possess the heart of all that beauty and freshness. While thus thinking, I watched the flutter of her blue veil until she disappeared around the corner of the east annex of the hotel, and then I sighed. Did the spirit of prophecy possess my soul? Did my mental vision penetrate the future and perceive that I was not to see her again? It may be so, for I sighed and turned to the gentle Alice to dispel the cloud that for the moment had obscured her loveliness. At my sigh she colored faintly and looked out on the green uplands in front of the hotel, where all day long the shadows of the young trees wind around their bases like phantom dials. She seemed to prefer silence, so I said nothing, but leaned back in my chair, watching the blue smoke that rose from behind a hill to the southward. Yesterday she and I had gone over the hill to investigate the primal cause of so much smokiness, and after discovering a little saw-mill that was eating its way through the grand forest, we were content to ride back on a load of lumber that came down the wooden tramway to the railroad.

For several days we had been planning to watch a sunset from the Observatory which is perched on a neighboring hill. At its height the loftiest peaks of the Alleghenies notch the horizon as far as the eye can see. I proposed and Alice disposed; so we climbed the hill and the little stairway to the Observatory, and took a seat on its upper deck with a background of wood carving, the knife-work of the summer boarder who usually succeeds in carving his name in something more permanent than sand. From this elevated position we watched the afternoon express as it glided into the station in a cloud of steam; we watched it puff out again, and heard it whistle for Mountain Lake, three miles further down the road.

By this time the sun had dropped until it seemed impaled on the dimmest peak in the distance. In a moment the whole west flushed crimson. Every mountain peak was radiant. The little forest in the foreground seemed etched against the glowing sky. Very gradually the color faded. The northern and southern peaks grew gray and grayer. The red receded from either side until finally the pink that tinted the west faded and went out. The dim peaks melted together. A chill wind swept across the mountains. Our clothing was already damp with the dew, so we left the Observatory, and before we reached the hotel it was night in the Alleghenies.

That evening there was great excitement in the hotel. Before tea time it became generally known that Eleanor Sawyer had driven out alone on the Oakland road and had not returned. A telegram sent to her friends at the Oakland Hotel brought the answer that she had not been there that day. Eleanor's poor father was almost wild. He had known but little of the gypsy camp, and when the ladies poured into his horrified ears the account of the repulsive black man, the mysterious men with plunder on their horses, his very blood ran cold. Men were at once despatched down the road to enter the camp and discover the truth. They returned with the information that the camp was broken up, the wagons gone. The worst suspicions were confirmed. Eleanor had been abducted by the gypsies and probably hidden in the mountain fastnesses with the view of obtaining a ransom. The distracted father did not know what course to pursue. To send out parties that night without any knowledge of the route of the abductors was impracticable; and the helpless old gentleman groaned in spirit. Excitement ran high. The ball-room was deserted, and groups of people were in the office discussing the probable features of the case.

About 9 o'clock a messenger with a note entered the office, and as he approached the desk there was a sudden stillness in the room.

"For Mr. Sawyer," he said, in a low voice.

The clerk handed the note to a boy, who ran upstairs, followed by flocks of ladies, who gathered about Mr. Sawyer's door while the boy went in and gave the old gentleman the note.

"Oh, dear Mr. Sawyer do tell us, is it from Eleanor?" chorused the ladies.

Mr. Sawyer glanced at the address. It was his daughter's writing; but, with the sense of relief which it gave, came a strange reluctance to open the note in the presence of such an audience.

"Yes, ladies, it is from my daughter," he said, with dignity, hoping that they would leave him alone; but they lingered.

"Oh, is she safe; where is she?" came from one or two of the more venturesome.

The old gentleman saw it was of no use to try to evade them. He opened the letter, and, after glancing at its contents, gave it to one of the ladies nearest him.

"You may read it, madame," he said, grimly.

She took it and read aloud as follows:

DEAR PAPA: The gypsy camp has broken up and I have gone with one of its members. I suppose my dear Tom never thought when he joined the geological survey (in order to be near me in the mountains) that the party would be taken for gypsies. The Indian servant, whom the survey men brought from the plains, caused that impression, and the imagination of the ladies supplied the rest.

Dear papa, Tom and I were married this afternoon in the little stone church in Oakland, and before you receive this we will be far away. A man will bring you the pony and this note. I will write again in a day or two. In the meantime do not harden your heart against your affectionate daughter

ELEANOR.

There was silence as the reader concluded, and without a word the crowd dispersed, to meet again in the more congenial atmosphere of the parlors.

That evening, just before 11 o'clock, as I was smoking a good night cigar on the piazza, I was joined by Alice Wolverton.

"Did you know of this?" she demanded severely as we reached a secluded part of the porch.

"Know of what?" I asked, evasively.

"Of Eleanor's plans. That she was going away?" anxiously.

"With an Allegheny gypsy? Well, yes, I knew."

"Oh, shameful!" she cried, starting away, but I caught her hand.

"What is shameful?" I asked. "Was she not right to go?"

"Not in that way, no."

"Isn't it right for a woman to go with the man who loves her?"

"No, it is not. Come, let us go into the parlor; it is chilly here."

"But you cannot go with me. It wouldn't be right."

"Why not?" in surprise.

"Because I love you."

"Oh!" flushing. "Good night."

"Good night," I answered, and we both said it again a half hour afterward.

Peregrination Pigeon.

Peter Cartwright was the name of a well known Methodist pioneer. He was a sort of peregrination pigeon, who flew over the hills and swamps upon his apostolic wing. He feared nothing, and was as strong as he was brave. At a certain camp meeting he got into trouble with a set of roughs who had tried to break up the service. Major L., who was a prominent citizen, though a great "sinner," identified himself with the roughs, and, flying into a desperate rage, said if he thought Cartwright would fight him a duel he would challenge him.

"Major, if you challenge me I will accept it," answered the preacher.

"Well, sir, I dare you to mortal combat."

"All right, sir, I'll fight you. And, sir, according to the laws of honor I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight."

"Certainly," the Major replied.

"Well, then, we will step over here into this lot and get a couple of cornstalks, I think I can finish you with one."

The Major waxed hotter. He clenched his fists and foamed with rage, saying: "If I thought I could whip you I would smite you in a minute."

"Yes, yes, Major," the militan minister asserted; "but, thank God, you can't whip me; only don't you attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever had in your life." That ended it.

Another bully attempted to whip the Rev. Cartwright, who answered: 'Sir, I never like to live in the dread. If you really intend to whip me, come and do it now."

The bully continued his curses and threats, and the minister jumped off his horse, and going up to him, said: "Look here, you have to whip me as you threatened, or I will put you in the river and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him."

The bully repented, and afterwards became one of the preacher's best friends.

Charm of Flowers.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rest the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own pre-Raphelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always; but to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sakes. They fall forgotten from the great workman's and soldier's hands. Such men will take, in thankfulness crowns of leaves or crowns of thorns—not crowns of flowers.

The Nine-Plate Stove.

The old nine-plate stove was a monumental fiend on the wood-pile, and, with the large open fire hearth, a great denuder of the forest. In a real cold winter day it required as much attention as a locomotive nowadays when out on the road, and the tidy housewife was just as careful in having it burnished up and kept cleaned up as the engine man and fireman do their darling iron horse. Sometimes it was quite difficult in piping cold weather to determine whether the persons congregated around the stove were trying to keep it warm or vice versa.

But this pioneer of the stove generation was a very primitive article of domestic comfort. It had no side doors, nor was there any hinges to the door closing the vent where the fuel was pushed into the furnace chamber. It was propped with a stone or a brick which served a two-fold purpose, as it also regulated the draft in the smaller opening in the door. Iron was dear in those days, and there was no iron poker to stir up the smouldering embers or shovel to empty the chamber of the ashes when filled. A green hickory stick was utilized as a poker and a piece of board as a shovel. Yet our fathers and grandfathers were happy even with these original appliances for arousing the smouldering embers and removing their refuse.

While crowded around the primitive stove in order to keep warm, it would indeed be passing strange if the inventive brain of man would not be stirred up to make some improvement on what would in these modern and more cultivated days be considered an apology for a stove. Doors and hinges for the sides of the stoves followed, as well as hinges for the door closing the furnace chamber, and door and hinges for the small vent.

By the first improvement the part above the furnace and the apartment for carrying off the smoke was converted into an oven, in which excellent bread and cakes could be baked, and roasts and fries of all kinds turned out. The top plate of the stove was used as a griddle, and from it buckwheat, corn and flannel cakes were turned off by the dozen. In fact, those old improved nine-plates did a vast amount of good culinary work, until they were supplanted by the renowned "Hathaway Cook Stove," which was exceedingly popular and had an immense sale, but was no less a voracious devastator of the wood-pile, and the terror of the man who provided it with sticks cut exactly to fit its fiery furnace.

Improvements went on in the old nine-plate until it was as smoothly cast, and as nicely ornamented with vines and flowers and designs, as any of our popular parlor coal stoves are, or the kitchen cook stove. But coal as a fuel became cheaper and wood dearer, hence these old-fashioned stoves had to give way to the coal-burner, both by reason of economy, heat and fuel already prepared without the aid of the axe, the maul and the iron wedge. Rude as these old nine plates were they served a good and useful purpose in their day, but they could not last always, in view of the changed circumstances of both nature and people. They had to give way to something better, at least for cities, towns and villages, though in some remote parts of the State, where wood is yet plenty, one of these ancient stove landmarks is monarch of the wood-pile and the yet unfelled forest.

Scraping off Barnacles.

"Come and see them scrape barnacles off from the bottom of a big iron steamer said an employe of the Pacific Mail Company to a reporter at San Francisco recently. "You wouldn't think it, but it's one of the biggest items of expense in the repair of these steamers," continued he. "It's an operation that every ship's bottom goes through after every third trip across the Pacific, and you know that the little creatures which give us so much trouble are thicker and attain their growth more rapidly in Pacific waters than they do in the Atlantic."

The reporter and his informant were in the vicinity of Hunter's Point Dry Dock, and on entering the yard the City of New York was seen high and dry on the supports, and a large number of men, each with a triangular-shaped scraper of hard metal in hand, were working on her. These scrapers had handles attached to the center and were ground on each of their three edges. The sound of the scraping resembles that produced by masons' trowels in spreading mortar, though much louder, and there was also a hacking and cutting noise occasionally, as some more obstinate bunch of barnacles clung with greater tenacity than their neighbors. It was a wholesale slaughter of these parasitic animals, which in some spots incrusted the bottom of the ship to the depth of an inch and a half to two inches.

"They're only small clingers, these barnacles," said the Pacific Mail man, "but like fleas on a nervous individual they are very much in the way, though they are little."

"To what extent do they damage the bottom of an iron ship?" asked the reporter.

"It isn't for the damage to the ship so much as the way they impede its progress that they are complained of," was the reply.

"How much time each day of sailing would this steamer lose by having a coating of barnacles on her bottom?"

"From fifteen to twenty-five miles."

"Do they not grow thicker on wooden-bottomed vessels than on iron?"

"Yes; but they are not so thick on copper bottoms and that is one of the chief objects in having a vessel copper-bottomed. The barnacles do not like the poisonous nature of the copper and do not begin to cling to it until it has been partially neutralized by the action of the salt water. Iron ships cannot, of course, have copper bottoms, as the expense would be too great in making a solid bottom of copper and there is no satisfactory way of attaching the sheeting. To partially obviate the tendency of barnacles to collect on iron vessels a strong solution of verdigris is now mixed with other ingredients and used on the bottom below the red water-line, and for this reason all the lower outside surface of the steamers of this company now have a green color, such as you now see they are putting on the under side of the New York's stem."

The reporter watched the process of scraping and observed that as fast as a large section of the barnacle-covered surface was cleaned and the red iron rust was made visible underneath it was washed clean by another set of men, who were followed by the painters with pots of a steaming mixture from furnaces along the ship's side. Over each of these furnaces was a tank filled with green liquid that bubbled and hissed and sent forth an odor which one could not but consider poisonous from the nature of the compound whence it issued.

"How long does it take for a gang of workmen like this to remove the barnacles from a ship?" asked the reporter.

"About two days. Sometimes they put on as many men as can work conveniently on a vessel's bottom. You see the idea is to save expense. It costs a vessel from $500 to $1,000 a day, according to her tonnage, to lie on this dock, and the men who do the work on this steamer are furnished by the Mail Company and are instructed to push the job as fast as possible. It would cost the company as much dockage each day if only two men were employed in cleaning a bottom as it would if there were 100 at work."

"Does the green mixture that they are now applying act as a preventive against the accumulation of the barnacles?"

"Only in a measure. It requires but a few months for the salt water to dissolve it and eat into the iron and form rough rusty places, where the little clingers gather and grow. They spread very fast and to a considerable depth when a vessel is lying still for an extended period, but when on the trip to China and returning a vast number will spread themselves all over a steamer's bottom. It is something of a mystery how they collect so easily when a vessel is in motion."

"Are there no other and effectual means for preventing their presence?"

"There may be," was the reply, "but they have not yet been discovered. A thousand different preparations have been tried, but none of them are of much account, if we except the verdigris compound, and that is far from satisfactory. A fortune awaits the lucky man who can discover a comparatively inexpensive and at the same time durable mixture, which, when applied to a ship's bottom, will render it so distasteful a place of residence to these barnacles that they will no longer infest it.

Knee Breeches.

The old style Continental knee breeches are making a desperate effort to come into fashion again. But it will not be a kneesy matter to reconcile a man not really in needy circumstances, to wear them. Without good legs, nicely proportioned by nature, a man had better be *sans culotte*, and wear trousers of the most ample and voluminous sufficiency, than have his limbs encased in masculine trunks. Pantaloons of liberal proportions make all wearers look alike—a blessing for the eyes of the general bachelor, as well as a mental comfort to the possessor of every variety of limbs, which embrace every variety of physical deformity; the average masculine leg being of inexhaustible, even of infinite repulsiveness. Probably there is not one really fine pair of legs employed in carrying a man's stomach and shoulders about in every ten thousand men who walk the streets, imagining themselves the proud lords of creation; and knee breeches, unless they be well stuffed and arranged, never fail to make this humiliating fact perfectly apparent to even the most casual observer.

Mental with Manual Training.

Manual exercises, which are at the same time intellectual exercises, are highly attractive to healthy boys. If you doubt this, go into the shops of a manual training-school and see for yourselves. Go, for instance, into our forging-shop, where metals are wrought through the agency of heat. A score of young Vulcans, bare-armed, leather-aproned, with many a drop of honest sweat and other trade-marks of toil, stand up to their anvil with an unconscious earnestness which shows how much they enjoy their work. What are they doing? They are using brains and hands. They are studying definitions in the only dictionary which really defines the meaning of such words as "iron," "steel," "welding," "tempering," "upsetting," "chilling," etc. And, in the shop where metals are wrought cold (which, for want of a better name, we call our machine-shop), every new exercise is like a delightful trip into a new field of thought and investigation. Every exercise, if properly conducted, is both mental and manual. Every tool used and every process followed has its history, its genesis and its evolution.

Vega.

Vega is now the brightest of the visible fixed stars and will be found nearly overhead in the evening. This is one of the stars whose distance from the earth has been the subject of long continued and elaborate calculations conducted by the Washington astronomers within the past two or three years. Its parallax is about one quarter of a second, a point as difficult to measure as the diameter of a quarter of a dollar a dozen miles away. The computed distances of fixed stars are generally stated in the number of years it would require for light from them to travel through space at the same rate of speed that it passes through our solar system, about 192,000 miles per second. At this rate it would take light from Vega some 16 years to reach the earth. So far as we are aware, however, there is nothing known about the speed of light outside of our own system, and it may be possible that it flashes instantaneously or nearly so over the billions of miles which separate one solar system from another. If we are forced to measure with our own solar system yardstick the vast distances which intervene between our sun and the millions of other suns which the telescope reveals, we are driven to the conclusion that, in looking at some of the remotest stars which powerful instruments render visible, we are beholding them, not as they appear now, but as they appeared centuries ago, and that they may be blotted from the sky hundreds of years before they cease to shine for us; a conclusion which appears improbable, if not incredible.

Mulkittle's Boy Again.

When Mrs. Mulkittle went to the sewing society the other day she agreed, after much persuasion, that the youngster might accompany her. The sight of so many ladies, all sitting in a long room, intent on making something, greatly interested the boy, and for a time he walked around without addressing the benevolent women, whose fingers flew for the benefit of the heathen. Finally he approached an old lady who was busy with a press board and asked:

"Whose coat is that?"

"This is for some poor little heathen boy," replied the old lady, tapping the hot "goose" with a damped finger, and proceeing to press a seam.

"Where does he live?"

"Away over the ocean."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Oh, no."

"Then how do you know the coat will fit him?"

"If it don't fit one it will fit another."

"Haven't the heathens got any clothes?"

"No. They are poor and needy."

"Haven't they got any fathers or mothers?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't they buy clothes for the children?"

"They haven't any money, and besides they need clothes themselves."

"Sort of a naked family, ain't it?"

She looked at him a moment, exchanged the cool "goose" for a hot one, and replied:

"Yes, they all need clothes, poor things. They have never had any.

"Then how do you know the want 'em now?"

"Because they do."

"What boy is that standin' over there?"

"He's my son."

"Is he a heathen?"

"What do you mean, you trifling little rascal?"

"His clothes are nearly worn out. Why don't you give him this coat?"

"None of your business, that's why."

"Why don't you sew up that hole in his breeches?"

"Hush."

"But I want to know."

"I don't care if you do. Go on away from here and let me alone."

He went over to where a young lady was threading a machine needle and said: "What are you doing?"

"Don't you see? Oh, what a bright little boy," turning to a young man carrying a cane with an ivory crook in imitation of a horse's head. "Isn't he a bright little fellow, Mr. Lucas!"

"Rather," replied the young man. "What's your name, kid?"

"What's your name, calf?" the boy replied.

The young lady laughed and the young man, drawing up a chair, sat down and stuck the horse's head, mane and all, into his mouth.

"Are you sewing for the heathens?" asked the boy, turning to the young lady.

"I believe so."

"Do you like 'em?"

"No, not particularly."

"Then why don't you sew for somebody you like?"

"I don't know. You musn't ask such foolish questions."

The young man withdrew the horse's head from his mouth, and he ah, he-ahed in a languid way. Mulkittle not finding the young lady worthy of further investigation, walked around the room to where a woman was sewing buttons on a shirt,

"Move on," she said. "I don't want you around here."

"What are you doing?"

"None of your business."

"Is it yours?"

"Yes, it is."

"An' the heathen's?"

"Go on away. You are a heathen yourself."

"Then give me the shirt."

"Move on, I tell you."

He went back to where the old woman was handling the "goose."

"Run along, little man, for I don't want you around here."

"When are you going to make your boy some clothes?"

"None of your business."

"It ain't yours either, is it?"

"Hush your mouth."

"I couldn't hush anything else could I?"

"There, you little imp. You've made me burn my finger on the goose."

"How did I make you?"

"Great Cæsar, boy, go away from here. Whose brat is this!" arising and pointing to the boy.

"Willie," called Mrs. Mulkittle, "come away," advancing. "I thank you, Mrs. Spillers, that he's no more of a brat than your son."

"My son never goes around bothering people," replied Mrs. Spillers.

"I don't allow Willie to bother people either, but some people are easily bothered."

"Yes, and some mothers don't know how to take care of their children."

"And," said Mrs Mulkittle with emphasis, "some mothers allow their children to go almost naked while they gad about. That's what they do," and the indignant lady tossed her head. Mrs. Spillers flew into a rage. She shook her fist in Mrs. Mulkittle's face, and just then the inquisitive youngster and Mrs. Spillers's boy made a break at each other, grappled and rolled on the floor. Then the two mothers began to swing corners. Altogether, the affair was one of the most enjoyable events of the season, as the young "journalist" says in speaking of a strawberry festival. The sewing society adjourned sine die, and it is feared there will be a decided falling off in the heathen's wardrobe.

Maid of the Mist.

A steamboat is being built on Niagara river below the falls, and next season will carry passengers up almost to the falling water. It will be named "Maid of the Mist," after the famous boat which run down the river through the rapids when the sheriff tried to seize it and came out safely.

Men searching for luck to give them a ride only scare up horses for enterprise to saddle

AGRICULTURE.

In preparing beans for the market two methods are usually pursued, either to pick them over by hand or to screen them. When they are gathered up from the threshing floor small stones, particles of dirt, poor and musty beans are all mixed in together, and in order to sell well these impurities must be taken out. By far the larger quantity of beans are hand picked, the work being done by girls and boys, and these bring the highest prices. If a screen is used the work is not done so thoroughly as by the hand process, and although the operation is more expeditiously performed the difference saved in time will hardly make up for the loss in price. The sale for screened beans is slow, and they do not bring within fifteen to twenty-five cents per bushel as much as the hand picked. The latter will always sell quicker and at higher price than the former. For packages, bags and barrels are used Vermont beans are generally put in 2 1-2 bushel bags, and those from New York come in barrels. From both sections the beans, as a rule, are recieved in good condition and have an attractive appearance.

Take a bar of common soap, place in a pan containing a little water, then heat until melted down, then add carbolic acid crystals (carbolic acid crystals can be had of a druggist in one-pound bottles at 75 cents each), at least one ounce of acid to each pound of soap used; there is no danger if used stronger. To reduce the crystals to a fluid state, remove the cork from the bottle, place in water and heat the water, when it may be easily poured out and mixed with the soap. When cool a strong suds made with this soap will be sure death to all insects that live on domestic animals. It will cure manage, barn itch and all cutaneous diseases and makes a cheap and effectual sheep dip. When cattle are hidebound, or the hair does not appear healthy, a wash of the suds will prove a benefit, as it is cleansing and healing in cases of sores. It is valuable in the poultry house. It is a good and sure disinfectant; is cheap, safe and effectual, and will be found useful for a great variety of purposes.

Various methods for hastening the conversion of cider into vinegar have been recommended. A recent French method, which seems practicable, is the following: Scald 3 barrels or casks with hot water, rinse thoroughly and empty. Then scald with boiling vinegar, rolling the barrels and allowing them to stand on their sides two or three days until they become thoroughly saturated with the vinegar. The barrels are then filled about one-third full with strong, pure cider vinegar, and two gallons of cider added. Every eighth day thereafter two gallons of cider are added until the barrels are two-thirds full. The whole is allowed to stand for fourteen days longer, when it will be found to be good vinegar, and one-half of it may be drawn and the process of filling it with cider be begun again. In summer the barrels are allowed to stand exposed to the sun, and in cold weather kept where the temperature is eighty degrees.

The fuchia, likes a slight shade and a cool soil, and then, provided with moisture, it will stand as high a temperature as may prevail. Place the plants in the open, a little shady; such a place as the north side of a house furnishes, and there is no fear but they will do all one may expect from them. If they are to remain on the piazza or the window-sill, the pots should be sunk up to the rim in a box of soil which can be kept moist; then, if the drainage is kept open, they will hold their foliage and flourish.

A lady florist writes as follows: I would say to those who are troubled with the little flies about their plants in the winter, that since I have commenced using separate saucers with my pots, and taken to watering my plants from the bottom, by filling the saucers with boiling water I am not troubled with the little flies, and I think the plants do much better watered in this way than by pouring the water on the top.

An English scientific journal says that oxalic acid promotes the sprouting of seeds so that seeds forty years old will germinate by its application. The method is to soak the seeds one or two days in a solution of oxalic acid till they commence to open out, when they are taken out and planted. Will one of our readers try it on some old seeds, and report?

The bearing peach tree cannot be cultivated too often. The soil must at all times be kept loose and friable, and cultivation should be kept up until the fruit is ripe. The new growth of the wood of a bearing tree ceases to grow early in the season, and there is no danger of stimulating a late growth. Stirring the soil should be the rule, and neither grass or weeds permitted to grow at any season.

Professor Henry says: I would urge that our farmers feed more oats to young stock, colts as well as calves. There is no food easily obtainable that will so well correct acidity of the stomach and keep the whole system in good order. To those who wish to raise calves on very little milk, I would say, use oats and oil meal freely, and by studying the wants of your calves you will be able to raise fine animals on a small allowance of milk.

Many orchardists say it is not best to renew the orchard by planting in young trees where old ones have died and been cut down. To a certain extent the elements suited to growth in the apple wood have been extracted from the soil and insect enemies have found location there.

A new method of utilizing certain marine plants has been devised in France, a gum being extracted from them which is found to be valuable in the arts in various ways, particularly in the manufacture of a substitute for leather.

The most northern place in the world where rye and oats mature is found in the Swedish province of Norbotteu, at Kengis, 49 miles north of the Arctic circle, while the northernmost limit of corn cultivation is at Muoniovara, 98 miles north of the circle.

DOMESTIC.

Dried Corn.—Dried corn ought to be made palatable, and be frequently seen on the dinner table, but many people who like corn dislike this stuff because it is not cooked properly; it should always be put to soak in lukewarm water the afternoon of the day before it is to be eaten. Do not throw away the water in which it is soaked, or then you lose much of the best there is in the corn. Then early, at least two hours before dinner, put it in a saucepan over the fire, and let it cook slowly but steadily until it is tender. A little cream added to the milk, butter, pepper and salt are desirable, and a teaspoonful of sugar will sometimes do wonders in giving flavor to the dish.

A Great Horseman.

Mr. J. H. Goldsmith, owner of the Walnut Grove stock farm, N. Y., says of the wonderful curative qualities of St. Jacob's Oil, that having long used it for rheumatism and on his breeding farm for ailments of horses and cattle he cheerfully accords this great pain-cure his preference, as the best he ever used, in an experience of twenty years.

One of the simplest and best ways by which light-colored kid gloves can be cleaned is this: Put the gloves on your hands, take an old and very soft linen handkerchief, wet it in sweet milk, and rub it on a piece of white soap—castile or any toilet soap will answer the purpose—then apply to the soiled parts of the glove; do this until the spots disappear; then wet the entire glove and pull it and stretch and rub until it is dry. If you are faithful it will not dry in wrinkles. One word of caution should be added to the above: Lavender-colored kid gloves cannot be cleaned in this way, as they will fade and look spotted.

Tapioca and Rhubarb.—Soak a quarter of a pound of tapioca in one teacup of boiling water for a few minutes, then mix with it in a nice clean pot one pound of rhubarb, washed well, and cut up into very small pieces, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half a teaspoonful of butter. Put it on the fire and let it stew for half an hour, stirring it often. Put it then into a mold of some kind, and when cool it will turn out a pretty firm shape. At present the rhubarb contains a very large amount of water, which will decrease as the season advances, when a little more water may be added to the tapioca,

Their Name is Legion.

Legions of people have had their lives made miserable by piles. This painful difficulty is often induced and always aggravated by Constipation. Kidney Wort is the great remedy for all affections of this kind. It acts as a gentle cathartic, promotes a healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. Sold by all druggists.

☞Fitted out for the Season. Dresses, cloaks, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Company's Favorite. — A delicious pudding can be made in a few minutes by taking one pint of milk and stirring into it half a cupful of cassave, half a cupful of cocoanut, two eggs, a little butter the size of an egg, salt and sugar to taste; flavor with vanilla. Cook this as you would boiled custard. When cooked and put into the dish in which it is to be served, pour over the top the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar added. Set it in the oven for a short time to brown. This may be eaten warm or cold, with jelly or preserves, or without.

One of grandmother's wise ways was to keep a cup of alum water always close at hand; it usually stood on the window-sill beside her work-basket. Cut fingers and bruises of all kinds, if wrapped in cloth wet in the alum water, healed with a rapidity that was truly wonderful. This is so simple a remedy that it is worth while to know about it.

Authors Review.

Washington Irving gives us "The Almighty Dollar;" Thomas Morgan querried long ago: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies;" Charles Pinckbey gives "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;' Pittsburg gives us Carboline the justly celebrated Petroleum Hair Renewer.

Blackberry Syrup.—Make a simple syrup of a pound of sugar to each pint of water; boil it until it is rich and thick; then add to it as many pints of the pressed juice of ripe blackberries as there are pounds of sugar; put half a nutmeg grated to each quart of the syrup: set it by to become cold, then bottle it for use. A tablespoonful for a child or a wine-glass for an adult is a dose, and will prove a valuable medicine in case of diarrhœa or dysentery.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

Rice Fritters.—Take two teacupfuls of boiled rice, cooled and mashed, one pint of milk, one egg, a handful of flour; season with a little salt. Have a pan of lard boiling hot; put them in and fry quickly.

They asked him if he was the best man at the wedding. "No," he said; "I don't know as I was the best, but, bejabers, I was as good as any of 'em!"

"Three times and out!" exclaimed the poet, as he came flying down the stairs after his third visit to the editor's den.

Materia medica: American physician (to English ditto)—'Now in Vienna they're first-rate at diagnosis; but then, you see, they always make a point of confirming it by a post mortem."

Croutons.—The word croutons, with which some writers of cook-books puzzle their readers, simply means small dice cut from stale bread and fried until they are hard. They are added to soup after it is ready for the table.

A dainty dish for dessert is made of three tablespoonfuls of peach or raspberry marmalade or jam, two ounces of fine bread-crumbs, and two well-beaten eggs, a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and rubbed or pounded to a smooth paste, or they may be chopped; beat an ounce of butter till it is light as cream, then stir all these together, beating till mixed thoroughly; then butter some small cups, and fill them two-thirds full with this mixture; bake for twenty minutes in a slow oven.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Delicious Fritters.—Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a bowl and pour over it sufficient hot water to make it into a stiff paste, taking care to stir it well to prevent its getting lumpy. Leave it time to cool and then break into it, without beating them first, the yolks of four eggs, the whites of two, and stir and beat all well together. Have your fat or lard hot and drop a dessertspoonful of batter in at a time and fry a light brown. Serve on a hot dish with a spoonful of jam or marmalade dropped in between each fritter.

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effectual in the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, for the cure of scrofula, white swellings, rheumatism, pimples, blotches, eruptions, venereal sores and diseases, consumption, goitre, boils, cancers, and all kindred diseases. There is no better means of securing a beautiful complexion than by using Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, which cleanses the blood and gives permanent beauty to the skin.

Creamed Potatoes.—Take one cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste; put the butter in a small frying-pan, and when hot, but before it browns, add enough flour to thicken; stir till smooth, and gradually add the milk; have your cold boiled potatoes ready sliced, turn them into this and let them gradually heat through; a very little nutmeg grated over the potatoes before frying improves the flavor. Salt and pepper and serve.

Wisely Adopted by Dairymen.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairymen and farmers of the United States of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all winter butter is colored in order to make it marketable, and this color is the best, in regard to purity, strength, permanence and perfection of tint.

A noted caterer tells this story: "If green peas are shelled and then are put in a dry, open-mouthed bottles, and are shaken together so as to occupy as little space as possible, then are corked tightly and are sealed, they will keep three or four months. They must, however, be buried in dry earth in the cellar." This is certainly worth trying.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Sliding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of Bladder. $1. Druggists.

Lemon Custard. — Twelve eggs; twelve cupfuls of sugar; six lemons; one tablespoonful of flour; two teaspoonfuls of cream. Grate and squeeze the lemons, mix the sugar well with them, add the well-beaten yelks, then the flour, the cream, and last of all, the well-beaten whites. Bake in pie-plates, lined with rich puff paste.

The restoration to health of our child we considered uncertain. When two weeks old she caught cold. For 18 months was not able to breathe through her nostrils. Upon using Ely's Cream Balm her difficulty is removed, she breathes naturally.—Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Smith, Owego, N. Y. [Price 50 cents.]

Swiss Carnival Cakes.—Beat up three eggs with half a pint of milk and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Let it stand a few hours; then add enough flour to roll it out very thin. Cut it in strips or any other fanciful shape; throw them into hot fat and fry a very pale brown.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

A new thermometer, devised by M. Michelson, has proved so sensitive in its experimental form, that the inventor hopes to be able to measure the thousandth of a degree Centigrade with it.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

A London architectural authority attributes the great durability of mortar in Italy to the fact that the lime remains covered with water in a pit for two years, whereas in England it is applied at once after slaking.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

It is estimated that forests still cover twenty-nine per cent. of Europe and forty per cent. of that vast territory of Russia. Russia's timber includes two hundred million acres of pine.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Not Schuylkill water: It was a French woman who exclaimed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: "Ah! if it were only wicked to drink this how nice it would taste!"

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists

—Kerosene oil is solidified in Russia and made into candies.

HUMOROUS.

A chap from the rural districts stepped into a music store in the city, and after taking a fifteen minutes' survey of the contents, he stepped up to the counter and asked the clerk if he had any new music—bran new, just out?'

The clerk measured him with his eye for a moment, and, thinking he was ignorant as to music, and that anything would be fresh to his customer that had been issued since the days of 'Rosin the Bow,' decided to palm off some old pieces which had become a drug on the counter. So he took up "The Last Rose of Summer,' and said:

'Yes, here is a piece that goes with a perfect rush, and here is 'The Old Arm Chair,' another favorite. There is 'When this Cruel War is Over,' which is all the rage all over the city.'

'That will dew,' replied Jonathan. 'How much do you want for the lot?'

'One dollar,' replied the clerk.

'Waal, you may dew 'em up in a piece of paper and lay 'em on the shelf.'

The clerk obeyed, but Jonathan did not pay for the music.

'I'm going down town a piece,' he said, 'and if I come back I will pay for the music and take it; but if I don't come back you may light your pipe with "The last Rose of Summer,' sit in 'The Old Arm Chair,' and wait til 'This Cruel War is Over.'

Jonathan slid out of the door, and the clerk looked as though he had been sold.

"Do you see that fine-looking gentleman across the street?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"You would hardly suppose him to belong to an organized band of robbers, would you?"

"Most certainly not. Does he belong to the James gang of robbers?"

"No, indeed. He is too honorable a gentleman to think of such a thing, besides he has a better thing than robbing trains."

"How better?"

"He belongs to the Paris Gas Company."

Land Reformer.—"Ah! how de do, Blank? Glad I met you. I suppose I can put you down for a big speech next Monday night at the meeting of the Henry George Free Land No Rent Club?"

Blank—"Well, no; I shall not be present."

"Too bad; I suppose you are to speak at the Death to Landdlords mass meeting the same night?"

"No; I have withdrawn from the movement and am no longer an advocate of the Free Land No Rent party."

"Mercy on us! What has happened?"

"I have fallen heir to a corner lot."

A gem of art: An Austin lady who is very anxious to acquire the prevailing art of painting plaques brought some of her drawings to a cynical artist for examination. "Ought I to put a coat of varnish on the plate before I transfer this drawing to it?" "No, miss," responded the artist, looking at the badly-drawn picture; "you ought to put the varnish on afterwards. It would make the plate look better." When the lady shut the door it made such a noise people thought it was burglars blowing open a safe.

"Gimme a quarter, won't you?" asked a seedy-looking man of a citizen who was passing down Church street.

"What do you want with a quarter?" was the demand of the citizen.

"Want t'—to put in the hat."

"Whose hat?"

"My hat."

"What's the matter with your hat?"

"Nuzzin's the matter with my hat, want to make my head big enough to fit into it."

The citizen did not contribute.

"Bill, what is meant by puts and calls?"

"Well, Hank, I'll explain. You see, last Sunday night I called on Miss Jergoss: that was a call."

"Yes."

"Well, just as I was about to be seated, in came pa in a great rage."

"Yes."

"Well, then, I put."

The husband in millinery art: A crusty old fellow once asked, "What is the reason that griffins, dragons and devils are ladies' favorite subjects for embroidery designs?" "Ah, because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the lady's quick retort.

Texan Greenbackers: A Northern man writes us to know if there is really a Greenback party in Texas. Why, certainly there is. We are reminded of the gentleman who asked a German neighbor if a certain man was in. "Yes, he ish in, put he ish ted."

"Pat Hewins,' says I, 'is it yourself that it is?' 'Murphy,' says he, 'that's not my name.' And thin we looked at each other again, and sure enough it was naither of us."

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail, samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS, 88 Mercer Street, New York

AGENTS WANTED to sell Thirty-Three Years among OUR WILD INDIANS by Gens. DODGE and SHERMAN. 40,000 sold. Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. Send for Extra Terms, Specimen Plate etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Saxonia Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cent

Patents Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. PATENT LAWYER. Write for Inventors' Guide.

BLAINE AGENTS WANTED Complete, Reliable Illustrated Life of the PEOPLE'S CHOICE. Get the BEST. Special terms to agents ordering from a distance. Outfit free to actual canvassers. Write for circulars. LOGAN

I also have ready prospectus of the forthcoming humorous book "MY WIFE'S FOOL OF A HUSBAND." 12 Illustrations by Williams. The HIT OF THE YEAR. W. H. THOMPSON, Pub., 404 Arch St., Phila., P.

28 376

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"This Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians, Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—The Parents.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

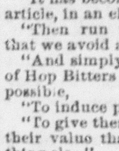
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A Lady of Utica, N. Y.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.



FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*

Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions etc.

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, 36 Gilmore Street. Circular Free. CIVIALE DENTAL AGENCY, 150 Fulton St., New York.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common
****** to our best ******
FEMALE POPULATION.

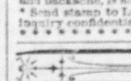
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*



This porous plaster is absolutely *the best* ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Crick in the Back and Sock, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster*. ☞Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores.

Hop Plaster Company,
— Proprietors, Boston, Mass. —

HOP PLASTER

LAME BACK

☞For constipation, loss of appetite and diseases of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

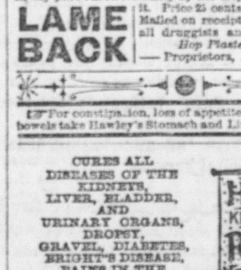
It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying in its favor and who prescribe it regularly.

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, PITTSBURG PA.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier



Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we take it to be correct preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last months, and is used every day. Also Gouraud's Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

Mme. M. A. T. Gouraud, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, French's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. ☞Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for a rest and proof of any one selling the same

A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, SHORT-HAND and TYPE-WRITING HERE. Situations guaranteed. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. Nature's patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

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DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will, in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that instantly stops all pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, sprains, bruises, bites of insect and pains of all kinds. Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

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There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

For cure of all chronic diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat, purifies the Blood, restoring health and vigor.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

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Perfect, Purgative, Soothing, Aperient, Act without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in their Operations.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Pain in the Back, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by druggists.

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☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Agents, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 23, '84

Democratic Delegate Election and County Convention

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for their districts, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884,

to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. Under the rules the election will open at 2 o'clock p. m. and close at 6 p. m.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet in the Court House, Bellefonte, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1884, AT 2 A. M.,

to name one candidate for President Judge and one candidate for Congress, each of whom shall be subject to the decision of the conferees of their respective districts; to choose such conferees as may be deemed necessary, and to nominate one candidate for Associate Judge; two candidates for Assembly; one candidate for Sheriff; one candidate for Prothonotary; one candidate for Treasurer; one candidate for Register; one candidate for Recorder; two candidates for County Commissioners; two candidates for Auditor, and to transact such other business as the interests of the party may require.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled is as follows:

Bellefonte, N W	2	Haines, W P	2
" S W	3	Halfmoon	1
" W W	1	Harris	3
Milesburg	1	Howard	1
Millheim	2	Huston	1
Unionville	1	Liberty	1
Howard, boro	1	Marion	2
Phillipsburg, 1st W	1	Miles	5
" 2d W	2	Patton	1
" 3d W	1	Penn	3
Benner	3	Potter, N P	3
Burnside	1	" S P	4
Boggs	4	Rush	3
College	2	Snow Shoe	3
Curtin	1	Spring	4
Ferguson, O P	3	Taylor	1
" N P	1	Union	1
Gregg, S P	5	Walker	4
" N P	1	Worth	2
Haines, E P	1		

The rules governing the election of delegates as well as the names of those chosen to hold them will be published in the REPORTER prior to the election.

P. GRAY MEEK,
Chairman Dem. Co. Committee.

J. C. MEYER, Secretary.

BIG DAY'S WORK.

The biggest day's sawing ever done at DuBois' big mill, in DuBois, is probably the highest record ever made by a single mill in the state in one day. The total amount of lumber cut was 192,400 feet and 53,000 lath. The several gangs turned out the following amounts: Big gang, 56,798; W. H. gang, 50,134; pony gang 17,379; edger, 68,720. This mountain of lumber was cut in eleven hours. Mr. George Fausey was in charge of the board department and Alex. Swan had charge of the lath department. Mr. Fausey feels quite sure that mill will cut 200,000 per day and says it would have done so on the day in question had not one of the slabbers broken down.

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers, or eruptions, or takes the form of rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering that ensues is terrible beyond description. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

Henry Ward Beecher, in the course of an extended interview, said:

I am a Republican and I am opposed to Mr. Blaine, because I think his election would be the most damaging thing for the Republican party that could occur. For this reason I shall vote for Grover Cleveland and I shall use whatever influence I am possessed of to further his election, and this I shall do, not because I am a Democrat, for I am not, but because I am a Republican. After working for 15 years to bring the Republican party up to a higher plane, on revenue reform, civil service reform, and so on, I think it was an insult to all good Republicans to nominate a man like Blaine, who more than any other man antagonizes those reforms. I resolved at the first not to vote for him, and if a good man was put up against him I resolved to work for his election. Such a man, I am glad to say, has been nominated. I voted for Mr. Grover Cleveland for Governor two years ago and I never regretted it. He has made a good Governor.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

Legions of people have their lives made miserable by piles. This painful difficulty is often induced and always aggravated by constipation. Kidney-Wort is the greatest remedy for all affections of this kind. It acts as a gentle cathartic, promotes a healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. Sold by all druggists.

TWENTY-FIVE PERSONS KILLED.

London, July 16.—News has just been received of a terrible railroad accident at Penistone. It seems that an express train while dashing past the station at the rate of thity-five miles an hour struck the rear car of a goods train which had not been properly shunted, completely wrecking the express. Twenty-five persons were killed and forty seriously injured.

The scenes underneath the bridge after the train had fallen were terrible to witness. The carriages were reduced almost to splinters. The groans of the men and the shrieks of women and children were heartrending in the extreme.

My physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomiting greenish mucous, skin yellow, small dry humors on the face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 372 Exchange st., Buffalo, N. Y.

CONFERENCE OF INDEPENDENTS

New York, July 17.—The Independent Republican General Committee met this afternoon at its new headquarters. Carl Schurz presided. The following call was adopted unanimously: "The undersigned committee invite all Republican and Independent voters, who disapprove the nominations made by the Republican National Convention at Chicago as unworthy of support, who think that the interest of good Government and public morals demand the defeat of the Republican candidates for President and Vice President, and who are therefore resolved not to vote for Blaine and Logan, to meet for conference either in person or by delegation for the purpose of determining upon a common course of action in the pending canvass. The conference will be held at 11 a. m. on July 22, in the city of New York." The call is signed by the officers of the several Independent Republican Committees.

Scientific.

Dr. W. Chandler Roberts, in a Society of Arts lecture, has stated that the gold coinage of Great Britain is estimated to consist of not less than 700 tons of an alloy of gold and copper.

From the amount of sulphate obtained from the earth samaria, Prof. Cleve deduces the number 150 as the automatic weight of the metal samarium. From the description given of several of its salts the metal seems to be closely allied to didymium.

Temperature of distillation has a very appreciable influence on the composition of coal gas. Mr. L. T. Wright finds that more gas is obtained at high temperatures, but it contains more hydrogen and less hydrocarbons than gas as usually manufactured.

Paving blocks of wood are prepared by M. Mallet, Moissac, in this way. He boils them in a solution of sulphate of copper, sulphate of zinc, and chloride of sodium mixed with heavy mineral oil, linseed oil, and tallow, and afterward compresses them to about nine-tenths of their original volume.

Treating of the Breadalbine mines, situated in the basin of the Tay, Scotland, Messrs. Grant Wilson and H. M. Cadell state that lead ore was discovered at Tyndrum in 1741, and was mined with varying activity until 1862, when the mines were abandoned, as they had quite ceased to pay expenses.

Robert Paolo considers that the glaciers of the Alps were developed during a period of a lower mean summer temperature than that of the present, and that they are retreating not so much, however, by cosmic or telluric causes as through meteorological changes depending partly on the prolonged action of man on the earth.

An improvement has been effected in wooden block flooring. The common manner of laying the block flooring often results in disappointment, because the blocks soon become loose. The improvement consists in the blocks being keyed to a cement flooring, firmly fastening them, and the cement obviates both dampness and dry rot.

The discovery of a vein of natural coke at Los Cerrillos has quickened speculation among geologists. This coke, which has all the appearance of the artificial product and burns clear and bright, is found in a vein three feet thick between a stratum of bituminous and of anthracite coal. None of the theories respecting its formation which have yet been published appear to be quite satisfactory.

The British Government, under the pressure of the recent progress of railroad construction in the Northwest Provinces of India, is about to try the experiment of sinking artesian wells to secure an abundance of fresh water at all seasons in that important part of the empire. Already the stores necessary for the work have been shipped, and the initial attempt will be made at Agra.

A comparatively fresh field of research has been pointed out to anthropologists by Prof. Klebs, of Zurich, in a recent paper on the transformations of the human race as a result mainly of pathological influences, which was read by him at the late Freiburg meeting of the Swiss Scientific Association, and which has since excited deep attention among naturalists throughout Europe.

Writing in the *Bulletin* of the Royal Academy of Belgium, M. E. Delavaux concludes, from blocks of Scandinavian granite found at Limberg, in East Flanders, at Wachtebeke, and other places, that during the ice age glaciation extended over the whole of the Netherlands, Belgium and the shallow or exposed lands now flooded by the North sea, terminating on the plains of Norfolk and Suffolk, in England.

"Thiophen" is the name given by Prof. V. Meyer to a new substance which he recently succeeded in separating from benzine oils. This compound, which is still subjected to laboratory experiment and study in the hope that important results will be obtained, presents the closest analogy in general reactions with benzine, yielding sulphuric acid, a methyl derivative, etc. It reacts with deketones to form a highly colored substance.

Prof. St. G. Mivart, in a paper on the relations between instinct and other vital processes, contends that instinct cannot be divided by a very hard and fast line from such vital processes as reflex action, processes of repair after injuries, and the process of development of the individual; and that these latter were more readily explained as activities especially instinctive than that instinct could be explained by reflex action or by lapsed intelligence.

Japan has at present 155 miles of railroad—from Yokohama to Tokio, 18 miles; Kobe to Otsu, 58 miles; Tsoongara, in the Province of Oomi, to Sekigahara, in the Province of Mino, 41 miles, and Tokio to Koumagai, 38 miles. There is besides in course of construction a road to unite Maye-bashi to Tokio, a distance of 81 miles. The first three of the lines named belong to the Japanese Government; the others to the Nippon Tetaudo Kwaisha or Japan Railway Company.

For Colds, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis and sore throat use Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil, and get the genuine.

EATING RATS.

Why do we not more frequently follow the snakes' example, and eat the rodents that so despitefully use us? I don't suppose that many people would care about adding the denizens of our city sewers to their menu, but what rational objection can there be to good, wholesome, barn-fed rats? They know what is good for themselves, depend upon it, and do not feed on offal and nastiness when better things are to be had. We eat ducks and pigs and crabs and all sorts of fish, in comparison with which the rats are bright and blameless patterns of dietic morality. I have tasted such, caught with snares down in a Kentish hop-garden—every one of them, no doubt, in its well-nourished maturity, representing the materials of a great many loaves of bread, cakes and pie-crusts, with some neighboring farmer or miller as its creditor for no small sum in the aggregate; the flesh was as white as that of a chicken—and the flavor—well, I am afraid the highest praise I can award is that they had no flavor and was therefore unobjectionable. But then I had to cook them myself; no servant would touch them; and as my knowledge of the culinary art did not even include at that period those rough details with which my subsequent wanderings have perforce brought me acquainted, the process consisted simply of flaying, decapitation, curtailment, excavation and twirling them in front of the grate by means of a bent pin and a piece of cord. Dressed with as much care as is bestowed on a snipe or woodcock, I am persuaded that they would be by no means an unworthy adjunct to the table. In China they are exposed for sale everywhere, split open, dried, pressed and powdered with a finely-ground white bark, looking like haddocks, as they hang in long strings over the vender's stall. We get tinned beef and mutton from all quarters of the globe, tinned oysters from America, tinned ox-tongues from the Plate, tinned kangaroo from Australia, why don't our Celestial friends send us their prepared rats, as they do their over-rated birds'-nest soup, in tins? The Rev. B. Vernon, in his "Early Recollections of Jamaica," tells us that the black slaves were in the habit of roasting and eating all the rats they could catch. I should think, however, that such a practice must have been exceptional or limited to a particular district, since negroes in these climates live principally upon fruits and vegetables, and if pressed by want of animal food, would find it, one would think, without resorting to vermin, in the birds, fish, mollusks, crustaceans and edible reptiles with which such regions abound. But it seems extraordinary that a prejudice against this ever-present supply of fresh meat should exist at sea, even among crews who are rotting with scurvy bred of salt provisions, while the rats are quietly fattening on their peas and biscuit. Several Arctic voyagers have given us an account of the benefit derived from their consumption. Dr. Kane taught his men to shoot them with blunt arrows, then boil them, mince them up, roll the meat into balls with melted tallow, and keep them frozen until they were required. But although he himself attributes his comparative immunity from scurvy to their use, in most of these instances their value as food seems only to have been recognized when the crews were in imminent danger of starvation, or suggested by the amusement of hunting the little poachers during the long night.

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WANTED, one or two Ladies or Gentlemen of undoubted reference and character, willing to work eight hours per day for a six months' engagement, as Traveling Agents for "The Lives and Graves of our Presidents," to every subscriber of which book WILL BE GIVEN FREE "The Lives of the Four Candidates." Why pay from $2 to $4 for the Lives of the Candidates when you can get it free? First applicants get choice of positions. Good pay to the right party. Address, giving name of reference,

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River St., Buckland, Mass., May 12, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

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That stable manure is a first-class fertilizer. It is also true that Animal Bone Phosphates are first-class fertilizers. We know that it costs some farmers as much as $30 and $40 per acre for stable manure, while ½ of the amount invested in Animal Bone Manures would give as good results. Yet all we ask farmers to use is 500 pounds to the acre of any of Baugh's Raw Bone Manures, and thereby find that they pay a large percentage of profit upon the investment.

500 pounds of the $25 Phosphate, at $25 per ton, in Philadelphia, costs $6.25.

Some farmers think 400 pounds per acre enough.

2 bags of the $25 Phosphate, each 200 pounds, will give you 400 pounds for $5.

TRY IT!

For circular giving analysis and for further information, address

BAUGH & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers,
20 So. Del. Ave., Philadelphia.

New Store.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US,

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Steam

Bending Shops.

AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent hounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all stye,

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	9.50	9.25	10.45	4.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00	ar.	11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			3.00	
Milmont	8.30			3.22	
Laurelton	8.55			3.40	
Coburn	9.45			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			5.35	

	Leave Eastward.				
	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Spring Mills		8.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.15
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

Consult Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO Dr. BUTTS

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilis and Venereal Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail. (Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.) Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Prop'r and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 2936 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts Dispensary. Established 20 Years.

THE COMPLETE HOME. Agents Wanted for this beautiful book. New edition.—New bindings.—New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Same low price. Adapted to all classes. Sells at sight. Agents doing big work. EXCELLENT TERMS. The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & Co., 66 North 4th St. Philadelphia, Pa. Also other grand new books and Bibles.

Indulgence and Exercises.

Whether over eating and drinking are made harmless by using Hop Bitters freely, giving elegant appetite and enjoyment by using them before and removing all dullness, pains and distress afterwards, leaving the head clear, and all the feelings buoyant, elastic and more happy than before. The pleasing effects of a Christian or sumptuous dinner continuing days afterwards.

Eminent Testimony.

N. Y. "Witness," August 15, 1880,

"I find that in addition to the pure spirits contained in their composition, they contain the extracts of hops and other well known and highly approved medicinal roots, leaves and tinctures in quantities sufficient to render the article what the makers claim it to be, to wit, a medicinal preparation and not a beverage—unfit and unsafe to be used except as a medicine.

"From a careful analysis of their formula—which was attested under oath—I find that in every wine-glassfull of Hop Bitters, the active medicinal properties abide from the distilled spirits are equal to a full dose for an adult, which fact in my opinion, subjects to an internal revenue tax as a medicinal bitter. GREEN B. RAUM.

U. S. Com. In. Rev"

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs became puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in this case; otherwise I would have been in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, '81.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it." A WORKINGMAN.

$11,950
IN CASH
GIVEN AWAY

To SMOKERS of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

This Special Deposit is to guarantee the payment of the 25 premiums fully described in our former announcements.

The premiums will be paid, no matter how small the number of bags returned may be.

Office Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

P. A. WILEY, Esq.,
Cashier Bank of Durham, Durham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—We inclose you $11,950.00, which please place on Special Deposit to pay premiums for our empty tobacco bags to be returned Dec. 15th. Yours truly, J. S. CARR, President.

Office of the Bank of Durham,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

J. S. CARR, Esq.,
Pres. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of $11,950.00 from you, which we have placed upon Special Deposit for the object you state.

Yours truly, P. A. WILEY, Cashier.

None genuine without picture of BULL on the package.

☞ See our other announcements.

FROM THE PRESIDENT
OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF

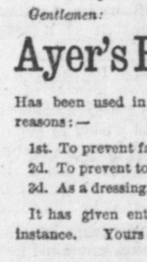
SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA, ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS, for LOSS of APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.

DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

R. E. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR

HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE NERVOUS AND
LACK VITAL ENERGY.



The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nerves, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, by sealed for 4 cents postage.

Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

PRICES from $4 upwards.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,
Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

REDEEM THE COUNTRY FROM DISGRACE AND PERIL.

[New York Herald, Ind.

[The New York Herald, for the first time in any Presidential contest, puts at the head of its columns the Democratic candidates.]

We congratulate the Democratic party upon the work of its convention at Chicago and the opportunity it offers to the American people, through a union of patriotic voters, by whatever name they call themselves—Democrats, Independents, Labor Reformers or whatever else—to redeem the country from disgrace and peril to which the Republican party has plotted to expose it by the thoroughly bad nominations of Blaine and Logan. * * * It should be noted that there are two kinds of Democracy struggling for the mastery within the lines of the Democratic party. Ben Butler is there—so he says. Boss Kelly is there—between deals. Many elements of political evil in this country still call themselves Democratic. Some of them are the evils of our own time, and some of them the poor old badly shaken remnants of a Democracy that has survived from the days before the war. But there is another kind of Democracy. There is that growing Democracy for which General Bragg, of Wisconsin, spoke with such apt energy and logic force in the convention. There is a vigorous rising party of men who have studied the political theories of the Democratic teachers of earlier days of the republic, and, observing the evils in our politics, have formed the conviction that these evils must be corrected in the light of those theories.

This is the vital political element of our day and of the immediate future, and this is the element which Kelly and Butler met for the first time in the Chicago Convention. It was an element not to be browbeaten by a coarse and brutal Tammany bully, nor led by the nose by a driveling old Polonius of political antiquity. This element had its way in the convention, and we believe that it will have its way in the country. With an intuitive perception of the first need of a vigorous party, it has chosen the right sort of a standard-bearer, and on election day the people will be with it.

APPEALS TO THE MORAL SENSE OF THE PEOPLE.

[New York Times, late the leading Republican paper in the United States.]

With Grover Cleveland as a candidate the Democratic party appeals with unmistakable directness to the moral sense of the people of the United States. Shall the next President be a man who has weakly yielded to temptation, or a man who has unwaveringly adhered to the right against powerful enticements to do wrong? A man who begs pecuniary rewards of those his official action has enriched, or one who defies corrupt dictation and seeks only by just courses to deserve the approval of right-thinking men? A candidate attacked, impeached, tainted, and besmirched all over, or a candidate beyond reproach? A Grover Cleveland whom honest men respect, or a James G. Blaine whom rogues love.

This is the supreme issue. It is this which the voters of the Republic are to decide. It is not the issue of protection; free trade has nothing to do with it; there is no admixture of foreign policy; insincere professions cannot put it aside; the glare of a torchlight brilliancy will not outshine it. The sober sense of an intelligent electorate, the honest convictions and the patriotism of ten millions of voters are appealed to, and they will settle this question conclusively and for right. * * * The *Times* will heartily support Gov. Cleveland. In opposing Mr. Blaine it finds itself already upon impregnable ground and in excellent company. It has closely watched the career of the candidate nominated at the Chicago Democratic Convention, and it has entire confidence in his probity, in his intelligence, and in his administrative ability. He ought to be the next President of the United States, and we believe he will be.

THIS TIME THE DEMOCRATS HAVE MADE NO MISTAKE.

[New York Evening Post, Republican.]

The nomination of Governor Cleveland by the Democratic Convention makes the way perfectly plain and simple for all friends of good government who are for any reason dissatisfied with the Republican candidate. This time the Democrats have made no mistake. If Cleveland had no other claim to the confidence and support of those to whom parties are simply a means of promoting the national welfare, he would have a strong one in the character of the opposition he encountered in the convention. As Gen. Bragg finely and happily said in seconding his nomination, "We love him most of all for the enemies he has made." The hostility of Tammany and Butler, and in fact whatever is the basest and most demagogic in his own party, is of itself a tribute of which any public man might well be proud.

The "North American Review" for August contains an article by Justice James V. Campbell on "The Encroachments of Capital" which will command the serious attention of all readers. Richard A. Proctor treats of "The Origin of Coments," and succeeds in presenting that difficult subject in a light so clear that persons who have little or no acquaintance with astronomy can follow his argument. "Are We a Nation of Rascals?" is the startling title of an article by John F. Hume, who shows that states, counties and municipalities in the United States have already formally repudiated, or defaulted in the payment of interest on an amount of bonds and other obligations equal to the sum of the national debt. Judge Edward C. Loring finds a "Drift toward Centralization" in the recent judgement of the United States Supreme Court on the powers of the Federal Government to issue paper money, and in the opinion of the minority of the same court rendered in the suit for the Arlington property. "The American Element in Fiction," and there is a symposium on "Prohibition and Persuasion," by Neal Dow and Dr. Dio Lewis.

PROMINENT REPUBLICANS BOLT

Boston, July 16.—George W. Flagg, of Milbury, secretary of the republican state committee, has sent in his resignation owing to his inability to conscientiously support the nomination of Blaine and Logan. Senator John F. Andrews, who has been prominently named as the coming republican candidate for congress in the Fifth district, announces that he shall bolt the republican ticket and support Cleveland. He will shortly send in his resignation as a member of the ward and city committees.

To most children the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. Why not, then, when physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills? They combine every essential and valuable principle of a cathartic medicine, and being sugar-coated are easily taken.

Register Reilly is the right kind of a Tammany man. He indorses Cleveland and says: "I am a Democrat always and a Tammany man next."

APPLES IN MYTHOLOGY.

Probably because the apple is such a beautiful fruit, and so common, it holds a great place in European tradition. Apples are to our legendary lore what peaches are to the Chinese. The fruit is as old as Homer, and in the fairy gardens of Phæacia he tells us that "apple grew ripe on apple and pear on pear" through all the circuit of the year. Laertes, the old, was tending his garden when Odysseus met him and reminded him of the little boy that had begged for so many apple trees "all for his own," and had now returned, a man tried in war and on the deep. It was an apple, the apple of discord, that caused all the Trojan woes, and but for this golden fruit Troy might still be a flourishing rival of Constantinople. Indeed, the whole Eastern question would have taken a different complexion, for the strife between Asia and Europe notoriously began with the apple of discord. For an apple Atalanta lost her maidenhood, and Eve paradise. They show different forbidden fruits in different countries; one especially, a monstrous yellow thing, about as tempting as a turnip. But in Northern Europe, at least, we have always been sure that for no fruit but an apple would Eve have listened to the serpent. The heathen Scandinavians, indeed, made apples the very fruit of life and immortality. They were in the keeping of Iduna, wife of Bragi, and the gods of Asgard tasted them, as Horus (according to Diodorus) ate of the death-destroying drug of Isis. Then when they had tasted of the apples, the gods grew young again and forgot death. But Thiasse, the giant, by the aid of Loki seized Iduna and the apples of immortality, and then the gods grew old and gray and wrinkled (as in Giordano Bruno's satire) and the spring died out of the year. But Loki was made to restore the apples incorrugtible, and spring came back, and the gods are as young as ever they were on Asgard.

GRAFTED TEETH.

Transplanting sound teeth from the jaws of healthy persons who could spare them to those who needed them has been practised by advanced dentists for some time. The mode was as follows: The individual with the superfluous sound tooth and he with the decayed molar were mated together, and the freshly drawn good tooth immediately placed in the cavity made by extracting the other. But it often happens to be necessary to remove a sound tooth from a patient at a time when no person of whom the dentist had any knowledge needed just such a one. It would therefore be lost, for only "living" teeth could be made to grow in a strange mouth, and they died very soon after being torn from their parent gums. Teeth are "living" so long as the membrane covering the roots has any vitality. It has been a problem of great interest to dentists throughout America to devise some means by which the sound extracted teeth could be kept alive indefinitely, until they should be needed, and to a San Francisco dentist belongs the honor of solving the problem. Dr. W. J. Younger, says the *Call*, has been conducting a series of experiments, which have resulted in the discovery of a means of preserving the life of the extracted tooth. It is nothing more nor less than "grafting" it as soon as it is drawn, upon the engorged comb of a healthy rooster, and leaving it there properly secured until it is wanted. Then it is cut away, the cock being placed under the influence of chloroform, washed, and everything removed down to the membrane, and placed in the freshly made cavity where it is needed. A representative of the *Call* was permitted recently to examine the mouth of a gentleman in which there was a tooth that had been planted there a week or so before, and which was apparently as firm as those which had always been there. It had been kept alive on a cock's comb for ten days, and had been taken from the mouth of a young lady, whose looks were benefitted by the removal.

THE FORTRESS OF SEDAN.

A singular stroke of irony has settled the fate of the little town of Sedan. It ranked high in the list of French fortified places. The late emperor took refuge within its walls as a stronghold that had the reputation of being impregnable. A short time ago the Minister of War issued a list of all the fortresses and strongholds of the country, and from this catalogue Sedan was absent. The town was judged as being of no military importance whatsoever. It was not even worth while to retain the defenses it possessed. The great keep, with its lofty walls and subterranean passages, is in process of demolition, and such fortifications as remain are spared merely because they are not worth destruction. The little cottage on the road to Bazeilles, where the emperor had his memorable interview with Prince Bismarck, and where the four gold pieces which he gave to his hostess, as he left her roof, still hang framed over the chimney-pieces will survive one of the great supposed national strongholds of France.

☞ Fitted out for the Season.—Dresses, Cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. Logan: "John, in this speech shall I make any allusion to our being a Democrat before the war?" Logan: "No, confound it, no. That's my business, not their'n, and you might have know'd that without asking."

OFFICE SEEKERS AT THE CAPITOL.

The late President Garfield once said that he was obliged to see an average of about thirty persons for every office to be filled. If the question was one of removal, the number was much greater, including the friends of the incumbent as well as the candidates for the place. There is an amusing story, not a new one by any means, of the method Mr. Lincoln adopted to settle a contest over a postmastership which had greatly annoyed him. There were two candidates in the field, and petition after petition had poured in upon the weary President, and delegation after delegation had rushed to the White House to argue the claims of the rival aspirants. Finally, after he had been bored for half an hour by a fresh delegation, Mr. Lincoln said to his secretary, 'This matter has got to end somehow. Bring a pair of scales.' The scales were brought. 'Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other candidate's papers.' It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. 'Make out the appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers, ordered the President, and it was done."

Never present a gift, saying that it is of use to yourself.

The crops throughout Prussia are unusually good.

CLEVELAND Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life; written at his own home, with his co-operation and assistance, by the renowned Goodrich. Largest, cheapest, handsomest, best. Elegantly illustrated. Costs more per copy to manufacture than the other lives that are sold for twice its price. Outsells all others ten to one. One of our agents made a profit of $50 the first day. A harvest of gold will be realized by every worker. All new beginners succeed grandly. Terms free, and the most liberal ever offered. Save valuable time by sending 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, which includes large prospectus book. Act quickly; a day at the start is worth a week at the finish.
23jul2m H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, DOORS
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c, &c
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
23july G. S. CONFER & SON.

NEW SHOE STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL. CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.

JOHN MULLEN,
23aprly Centre Hall, Pa.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. F. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. M. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES

it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WHAT IS IT?

A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic, it never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by their use.

PRICE, $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Props.,
BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

J. C. BRACKBILL, W. R. BRACKBILL.

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!
THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
TradeMark
FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that 'while there is life there is hope.'" They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1881

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G CHEMISTS, 306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $2, two months $5, three months $7.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY,
11jun tf Druggist.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME

Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
J. Q. A. Kennedy, Agent, Centre Hall, Pa.

$1000 REWARD

VICTOR
NEWARK MACHINE CO. NEWARK, O.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA
may1

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Postille
A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.

☞ Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

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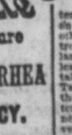

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THE WATCHERS.

We keep the watch together,
  Doubt and I.
In stress of midnight weather,
  Doubt and I
Stand peering into darkness,
  Foreboding rock and shoal;
Or, shrinking in our weakness
  From waves that o'er us roll.

We pace the deck together,
  Faith and I,
And catch in darkest weather
  The far-off eastern sky,
Where, robed in dazzling splendor,
  Shine planet, star and sun,
Where, lost in truths eternal,
  Doubt, Faith and I are one.

HE BROKE UP THE SCHOOL.

"That is the new school house, is it?" inquired Miss Alice Ray, the new teacher, as the farmer's plodding little team passed by a little white house standing endwise to the road, inclosed in a rather dilapidated fence.

"Yes, that's where you will hold forth," remarked Uncle Zeke Woodburn, but "I'm afeered you won't hold out long, fur we've got the toughest set of boys in the State;" and Uncle Zeke gave a kind of cackling little laugh as he thought of the timid demure little damsel at his side, controlling the boys of the Bear Creek school.

"But don't the Directors expel them when they are beyond the control of the teacher?" asked Alice, her heart beginning to sink at the prospect before her.

"Expel 'em! no; we never expel nobody; if a teacher can't boss the school we just let it boss him; it ain't our fight, an' the school here generally bosses the teacher, and thar's been some pretty good men licked in that school-house, by the boys.

"I did not know the school was so unruly," said poor Alice, wishing heartily that she had hired out as a washerwoman, instead of trying to teach the savages of Bear Creek,

"Oh, well, mebbe it won't be so bad this winter; thar's Jim Turner, he's one of the toughest of 'em; he'll be 21 in a month, and you'll get rid of him; but thar's the Brindley boys, they're mighty nigh as bad."

Poor Alice listened with a sinking heart. The cold, hard duties before her were dreary enough at best; but to go alone and unknown into a strange neighborhood to teach her first school, and to be met at the outset by such dark prophecies, made her feel homeless indeed. She was naturally a timid, shrinking little thing, and if she had possessed anywhere on the whole broad earah a roof to shelter her, she would have turned back from Bear Creek school even then. But she had no home. Her mother had died when she was but 14, and she kept house for her father two years when he died, leaving her all alone. Before he died, he advised her to expend the little sum he would be able to leave her, in fitting herself for a teacher, and Alice had fulfilled his directions so literally, that when she had completed her course of study at the normal school, she had hardly $10 left, and when she paid Uncle Zeke for hauling her and her little trunk from the nearest railroad town to the district where she was to teach, she had but $5 left.

On Monday morning, as she started for the school house, she felt as if she was going to the scaffold. Her course of pedagogics in the normal institute had included no such problem as this school promised to be, and if it were not for very shame, she would have given her single $5 bill to any one to take her back to the railroad, and pay her fare to L., the town where she had attended school.

When she arrived at the school-house about twenty or thirty pupils were grouped around talking, but a spell of silence fell upon them, as she walked up and saluted them with a "good morning" which was more like the chirp of a frightened bird than anything else. As she unlocked the door and entered what she had already begun to regard as a chamber of torture, two or three slowly followed her in to the room, and depositing their books upon the whittled desks, took seats, and fixed their eyes upon her with a vacant stare that did not help to strengthen her nerves.

All the rules and regulations of her "Theory and Practice of Opening School Upon the First Day," seemed to vanish and leave her whirling in dizzy helplessness. See tried to think of some cheerful remark, but her brain refused to form the thought, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth She could see in the faces of her pupils, most of whom were in the school room, that they were aware of her fright and enjoyed it thoroughly. By a strong effort she partially recovered herself, and bravely resisted the temptation to lean her head on the desk and have a good cry. She felt that she must do something or faint, so she rang the bell, though it lacked fifteen minutes to 9 She began taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and by the time this was completed felt more at ease. She then began examining the pupils in the different branches, in order to assign them to their proper classes, She had finished the examination in all the branches, except the advanced reading class, which was principally composed of grown girls and young men, among whom was the terrible Jim Turner of whom she had been warned.

Several members of the class had read and it was now the turn of Moses Bradley a huge, heavy-set fellow, with small malicious eyes, and a general air of ruffianism, When he was called upon to read, he did not rise from his seat, but began to read in a thick, indistinct voice from a book hidden in his lap.

"Mr. Bradly, will you please stand up while you read?" asked Alice.

"I can read just as well settin' down," replied the fellow with a dogged air.

"But it is one of the rules of a reading class to stand up to read," said Alice, her heart quaking with fear, as she foresaw the incipient rebellion.

"I reckon you will have to make a new rule for me, then," impudently answered Mose, glancing sideways at his companions with a grin of triumph.

"If you do not obey me, I shall be obliged to punish you," said Alice, bravely, though she could scarcely stand up..

"I guess all the punishment you could do, wouldn't break any of my bones," replied the ruffian leering at her impudently.

"But I can break your bones for you in half a minute, and I'll do it if you don't stand up and read as the teacher asked you to," said a voice at the other end of the class, and Alice looked in that direction, and saw Jim Turner step from the class and face the astonished Mose.

Mose's insolent manner abated in an instant, his face turned pale, and he muttered something about not being "bossed by other boys," but he stood up as he was commanded.

Alice could have kissed her young champion for very gratitude, but she mustered all the dignity she could command, and said:

"Mr. Turner, I cannot allow you to interfere in the management of my school: take your seat."

The youth obeyed without a word, but kept his eye on Mose, as if watching for any delinquency. After this little episode the exercises proceed without interruption till noon.

Alice had no appetite for dinner. She leaned her throbbing head upon the desk, and wondered wearily how long she could endure this.

She was aroused by one of the little girls running up to her, exclaiming:

"Teacher, teacher, the big boys are fighting!"

She followed the child exclaiming "Oh, why did I ever come into such a den of wild beasts?"

At the rear of the school house, stood Jim Turner, engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with Mose Bradley and his two brothers, both of whom were grown. As Alice stepped around the corner, Jim sent Mose reeling to the earth, and then turned like a lion upon his two remaining assailants. They rushed at him from all sides, but Jim was as active as a panther, and Bill Bradley fell as if shot, from a left-handed blow, and his brother Tom followed him in an instant, By this time Mose had secured a ball bat and rushed upon Jim, but the latter evaded the blow, and wrenching the bat from his hand, knocked Mose headlong with a blow of his fist.

As the discomfited trio arose, Jim laughed lightly, and asked them "how they liked it as far as they had got," picked up the bat he had taken from Mose, and called out, "Come on, boys, let's have a game of ball."

The combat ended so quickly, that Alice had no chance to interfere, but she felt that it would not do to let this open violations of school rules pass unpunished, she rang the bell. When the pupils were assembled, she called the culprits up to the desk and asked who began it, The Bradleys stood sullen and silent, but Jim answered: "I would rather not tell what it was about. but I began it by knocking Mose Bradley down."

Alice knew the fight was the result of Jim's espousal of her cause in the reading class, and her voice faltered as she said:.

"Then I shall have to punish you; hold out your hand."

Jim obeyed her instantly. She took up the ruler with a trembling hand, and began the punishment. Jim's face never changed a muscle. The look upon it was one of quiet obedience, in which there was no trace of either bravado or sullenness. As Alice inflicted the blows upon the hand so quietly held out to her, the thought rushed upon her mind that she was smiting the only hand that had been raised to befriend her in this lawless region.

Her face grew pale, the blows fell falteringly, the tears began to run down her cheeks, the ruler from her hand, she sank into her seat, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a storm of sobs.

Then Jim's countenance changed. His lips quivered, he dashed his hand across his eyes to clear them of an unnatural dimness, and the great lump in his throat seemed to choke him. A chuckle from Mose Bradley recalled his self-possession, however, and he took a step or two toward the latter, with eyes that fairly blazed with hot indignation.

Mose rapidly retreated a step or two and his chuckle died an untimely death, and for a full minute silence reigned over the school room. At last Alice raised her head, and in a broken voice dismissed the pupils to the playground.

As the children passed out, she heard some say, "So, you got a whipping after all, Jim," and Jim's reply "Yes, and I got enough to pass some of it around, if anybody is anxious about it."

At 1 o'clock Alice rang the bell, with a feeling of utter despair; but no school ever moved more smoothly than did her school that afternoon, Quiet, obedience, study, good lessons, and respectful attention were universal. But Alice had determined to quit the school; she felt as if she would rather be the poorest washer woman, than to be badgered, bullied and tortured for months at a time by a set of brutal ruffians, whose parents employed her for the sole purpose of enduring this martyrdom.

So when Alice locked the schoolhouse door that evening, it was with a mingled feeling of relief and humiliation that she started to offer her resignation to the directors. As she left the school-house, she saw Jim Turner a few yards ahead of her, walking rapidly toward home. She called his name, and he stopped and respectfully waited until she had overtaken him,

"Mr. Turner," she said, "I am going away in the morning, and I wish to thank you for your brave defense of me at the school to-day, and to ask your forgiveness for the punishment I so unjustly inflicted upon you." and in her earnestness Alice held out her little trembling hand, and Jim instantly grasped it.

"I have nothing to forgive," said he; you could not do otherwise, and neither could I; but you are surely not intending to quit the school?"

"Yes" answered Alice, "I would rather die than pass through three months of such scenes as I have to-day."

"But you will have no more trouble; there is no one in the school that would be at all likely to give you trouble, except the Bradley boys, and as long as I am there, I will answer for their good behavior.

At last Jim's eloquence prevailed, and Alice finally consented to teach a week longer, and at the end of that time she decided to stay, for never did a school move more smoothly. At her request, Jim was allowed to remain during the term, and as soon as it closed, he went to college.

Alice taught the Bear Creek school successfully for three years, but in the end Uncle Zeke's prediction was verified, for Jim Turner came back and broke up the school.

He married the teacher.

The Carboniferous Jungle.

If we could suddenly transplant ourselves from the gardens and groves of the nineteenth century into the midst of a carboniferous jungle on the delta of some forgotten Amazon or some primeval Nile, we should find ourselves surrounded by strange and somewhat monotonous scenery, very different from that of the varied and beautiful world in which we ourselves now live. The huge foliage of gigantic tree-ferns and titanic club-mosses would wave over our heads, while green carpets of petty trailing creepers would spread luxuriantly over the damp soil beneath our feet. Great swampy flats would stretch around us on every side, and instead of the rocky or undulating hills of our familiar Europe, we should probably see the interior country composed of low ridges, unlifted as yet by the slow upheaval of ages in the Alps and Pyrenness of the modern continent. But the most striking peculiarity of the scene would doubtless be the wearisome uniformity of its prevailing colors. Earth beneath and primitive trees overhead would all alike present a single field of unbroken and unvarying green, No scarlet flower, golden fruit or gay butterfly would give a gleam of brighter and warmer coloring to the continuous verdure of that more than tropical forest. Green, and green, and green again; wherever the eye fell it would rest alike upon one monotonous and unrelieved mass of harsh and angular verdure.

A Cucumber Fish.

There was quite a sensation created on Sullivan's Island, S. C., recently by the capture of a fish of a genus hitherto unknown in our waters. It was beached by the waves and taken by a party of ladies, who were unable to satisfy themselves as to what manner of fish it was, until one of the party, a lady from Michigan, now visiting the island and whose knowledge of ichthyology is by no means limited, threw light on the subject. The fish belongs to the species known as sea cucumber and to the genus holothuria. They are not rare by any means, the only remarkable feature of its capture being the locality in which it was found. The fish is indigenous to tropical waters, and it is the first ever caught in our harbor. In size it is about six inches long and is shaped very much like a cucumber, from which it takes its name. It has neither fins or feet, but swims by the motion of its body as an eel does, its body being very supple, considering its bulk. It has a large mouth, which is surrounded by a soft frizzy fringe. It will eat almost anything, and can be easily kept in an aquarium for years with proper attention.

Musk.

One of the most common perfumes is that of musk, which occurs in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Every body is familiar with the musk plant which grows in our gardens, and which the ladies are so fond of having in their rooms. Beet has a musky odor; but there are two species of plants which grow on the slopes of the Himalayas, one at the great altitude of 17,000 feet which smell strongly of it. Among animals there are a musk beetle, cuttlefish, duck, shrew, mole, rat, ox, and deer, all of which owe their distinctive title to the fact of their having that odor in a greater or less degree. The muskrat or musquash, however, and the musk deer are the only animals which secrete the musky substance in a special receptacle, from which it can be readily taken as a commercial commodity. The best musk is obtained from this deer which is found in Central Asia from the Himalayas to Pekin, at elevations above 8,000 feet. Unlike other deer, they are without horns, and a peculiarity of the male is that it has two long, slender teeth which project from the upper jaw, with an inward curve, in the form of tusks. The female is of little account to its human foes; but the male is much sought after on account of its musk pouch. This is a bag about the size of a small orange, situated on the lower part of its body, and containing from half an ounce to two ounces of the precious perfume. In 1881 China alone exported 2,503 lbs., valued at £41,501, or nearly one guinea per ounce. 7,000 ounces are said to be exported annually from British India, while quantities of an inferior kind are obtained from other countries. As a perfume musk is remarkable for the diffusiveness and persistence of its scent; everything in its vicinity catches and retains its odor. For this reason it is not a desirable article of cargo on ships that carry anything intended to be used as food. In the East it is held in great repute for its medicinal properties, being one of the most powerful anti-spasmodics known. It owes its value to its extensive use in perfumery. Mixed with highly volatile vegetable scents, it gives them greater permanence. Large quantities of it are used in the manufacture of toilet soaps. Of late owing to the expensiveness of musk, and to its being so much adulterated by dealers, what is called American musk has come into considerable use as a substitute for the superior kind. This is obtained from the musquash of North America, a small, beaver-like rodent, millions of which are killed annually for their skins, which are made up into cheap furs. The musky secretion obtained from this creature has proved an excellent substitute for true musk in the scenting of toilet soaps. If a cake so perfumed is retained for a month it would require a very skilled perfumer indeed to distinguish the odor from that of the best Tonquin musk. It also used in the cheaper essences, although here the the result is not so satisfactory.

Sweets and Fruits.

The free use of sugar with the spring and early summer fruits, to say the least, is unwise. These sub-acid fruits, appearing during the early hot weather, while the blood is thick and impure from the use of the carbonaceous food of the cold weather, are manifestly intended by the Creator as "spring medicines," whose acids act with great effect on the liver, enabling it to secrete the vile impurities of the blood, purifying the blood, while this refuse matter —waste—is the natural stimulant of the digestive process and of the bowels. It will be observed that later in the season, when the blood has been so far changed as to fit it for the season, and as the cool weather approaches, these perishable fruits—all intended for the season in which they appear—lose this purifying acid element and become considerably sweeter, The free use of these artificial sweets with cream—a heater also—must tend to counteract the benevolent intention of the Creator in this wise arrangement, that of adapting all these delicious fruits to the season and the immediate needs of the system in such weather. In such matters it is always safe to watch the indication and instructions of nature, or the God of nature, who in His wise providence is ever merciful to man.

English Racing.

Archer continues to head the list of winning jockeys in England. By the way, it is not generally known that but for his father's objections, Archer would have come to this country instead of Feakes, the present chief jockey for Mr. Kelso, Archer and Feakes were both lads in Lord Falmouth's racing establishment, and both showed equal talent in the saddle, and were steady, well-behaved and faithful boys. When the late Mr. Sanford wrote to Dawson, Lord Falmouth's trainer, to send him a good jockey, Dawson selected Archer, but Fred's father had decided objections to the boy's emigrating. Thus it came that Feakes was sent instead, and Archer was enabled to continue on in a career of success which has been simply unparalleled in the history of racing. This year he had 201 mounts—won 87—lost 114.

Justice is not what is, but what ought to be.

Blame not before you examine the truth.

An Exciting Buffalo Hunt.

Bill Nye tells the following story in relation to an exciting Buffalo hunt. Not very far back in the history of the Laramie plains buffalo were as common as antelope are there now, and on a good day you will see 300 to 500 antelope in a ride from Laramie City to Last Chance and back. Now, however, the buffalo have taken their flight from Southern Wyoming and drifted to the Northwest, where they can still be slain for a few more years. The day is not distant, I fear, when we will have only one buffalo apiece for the foreign dudes who come to our coasts to regain their health and marry our heiresses. We were rather startled one day in Laramie by the howl of "buffalo" on the streets, not long ago. Inquiring into the matter I found that the game had been sighted across the river, not over three miles from town. Everybody was wild. In ten minutes the livery stables were empty and every man with a team had a load of excited men moving toward the herd. It was a grand exodus, and for a mile or two it looked like a mass meeting. There were two or three guns and perhaps twenty revolvers in the party. Some of us were in express wagons, some in drays, and some in carriages. We hurried on excitedly until the advance guard set up a wild yell, which meant that the game was in sight and that no one in that crowd had ever seen a buffalo before.

Every one's eyes were strained to get a glimpse of the herd. Every one held his breath, waiting for the thunder and dust of the stampede. I had just decided that the whole thing was a sell, when one of the party pointed out, at a little distance on the foot-hill to our right a buffalo bull. This was our prey. One hundred and fifty of us, like an army with teamsters, had come out here on the plains to slaughter this melancholy brute. He was trying to eat when we hove in sight, and was doing as well, perhaps, as any buffalo could without teeth. He had worn most of his hair off when the country was new, and it had neglected to grow again. His ears had been gnawed by coyotes and the ravages of time till they had a fringe on them over an inch deep. His back looked like one of those old-fashioned hair trunks, and his little five-cent tail had about as much hair on it as a ram-rod in full bloom. I never saw such a sad-looking face. It had an expression of deep-seated woe and pained surprise, such as a man has when a five-story brick warehouse falls on him. He had the same grieved, sorrowful look of reproach that a man might wear if he were to leap a nine-rail fence in the solemn hush of the night and fall into the embrace of a bull-dog in the prime of life.

The old bull raised his head in a solemn way and tried to snort as he used to in the early history of the country, but it was a failure. He then tried to raise his tail and lash his sides with it, but the effort was not crowned with success. His tail had forgotten its cunning. He then tried to flash his eye, but it wouldn't flash. He turned slowly around, and, as well as the poor old foundered brute could, he tried to amble away. Then a brave man from the cultivated East, wearing a new suit of buckskin that he had just bought, rode fearlessly up to the old bull and filled him full of buckshot from the muzzle of a second-hand two-dollar gun. The veteran of the plains fell with a half bellow half groan and died. He would have died in a few days any how. It was an exciting hunt! The man who assassinated that feeble old bull was at once named the Buffalo Slayer, and he had to go somewhere else to get work. I don't know why it is considered such a big thing to kill a buffalo. It is far more difficult to kill a good, able-bodied elk or deer. I saw an Englishman, at the Palmer House last summer who had, no doubt, failed to find a buffalo docile enough to stand still and be shot, so he was carrying home to Merry England the bleached and decaying skull of a buffalo killed fifty years ago, perhaps. Yes, sir, he was carrying that thing 5,000 miles in a shawl strap.

England and Wales.

Out of the 26,000,000 inhabitants of England and Wales in 1881 a total of nearly 1,600,000 souls or rather more than one-seventh of the industrial population of the country, were engaged in the building-trade. This great army of workmen is under the control of 6,898 architects, independently of any aid that the latter (who are classified in the Census as "artists") may receive from 5,394 land, house and ship surveyors, or from 7,124 civil engineers. This allows an architect to superintend about 230 workmen, independently of carriers and of workers in the primary stages of product that are subsequently perfected as house-fittings: and if we link the surveyors with the architects, we obtain upwards of 13,000 persons engaged in architectural designs and superintendence.

Florida Perfumes.

The manufacture of perfumes from Florida-grown flowers bids fair to become an extensive industry in the state. One firm at Jacksonville is already at work. It is reported that a gentleman from south Florida has patented a process for the utilization of the bloom of the mangrove and the sapodilla, and to extract the sweet fragrance from the cassava plant as well.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Economy is a great revenue.

Life hath no blessings like a prudent friend.

To love is to make a compact with sorrow.

Money is not God, but it shows great mercy.

The more you say, the less people remember.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance.

Man is a reasoning rather than a reasonable being.

No drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

The first step to virtue is to love virtue in another.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

As the body is purified by water, so is the soul by truth.

Go after two wolves, and you will not catch even one.

After the battle of arms comes the battle of history.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you will find it.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Disease comes in by hundred weights and goes out by ounces.

The fool thinks he has argued a case when he offers to bet.

In prosperity work is a duty, in misfortune it is a refuge.

Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet upon the table.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

Verily hypocrites sink into a lower abyss than any other sinner.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

He is rich who is satisfied with what he hath—whether it be little or much.

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.

Sudden expectations, which kindle the mind to a fever, sometimes chill the heart to a frost.

How long, how slow, and how inscrutable can be one man's fate against another's finding out.

Do nothing by halves. If a thing is right, do it boldly and well; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

In judging of others, a man often erreth, but in examining himself, always laboreth fruitfully.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the safest, for everyone, in any and all circumstances.

The pity which is not born from experience is always cold. It cannot help being so; it does not understand.

The state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required and where necessaries are not wanting.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.

We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic works to do every day. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine,

It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of anything he was never reasoned into. Reason is a very light rider and easily shaken off.

It cuts one sadly to see the grief of old people; they've no way of working it off, and the new spring brings no new shoots out on the withered tree.

This is the law of benefits between men; the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.

Contentment furnishes constant joy; much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy; to the discontented, even wealth is vexation.

Chiefly the seashore has been the point of departure to knowledge, as to commerce. The most advanced nations are always those who navigate the most.

Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and, consequently, the world itself.

In religious concerns, reason without faith tends to casuistry. Not in jurisprudence alone applies the ancient maxim (*Apices juris non sunt jura*)—Subtleties of law are not law.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity.

Reason is, so to speak, the police of the kingdom of art, seeking only to preserve order. In life itself, a cold arithmetician who adds up our follies. Sometimes, alas! only the accountant in bankruptcy of a broken heart.

Like all Nature's processes, old age is gentle and gradual in its approaches, strewed with allusions, and all its little griefs soothed by natural sedatives. But the iron hand is not less irresistible because it wears the velvet glove.

When my reason is afloat, my faith cannot long remain in suspense, and I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; in short, a thousand motives draw me to the consolatory side, and the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reason.

Accurate and just reasoning is the only catholic remedy fitted for all persons and all dispositions, and is alone able to subvert that abstruse philosophy and metaphysical jargon which, being mixed up with popular superstition, renders it in a manner impenetrable to careless reasoners and gives it the air of science and wisdom.

Virtue is an angel; but she is a blind one, and must ask of knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge on the other hand, like a mercenary, is ready to combat either in ranks of sin or under the banner of righteousness,—ready to forge cannon balls or to print New Testaments, to navigate a corsair's vessel or a missionary ship.

A QUEER PICTURE.

The happy mother sits
With folded hands, her weary work all done,
With the last smiling of the harvest sun,
And lists, her eyes love-lit,
To the low prattle of her eldest born,
Whose cheek is dewy as the early morn.

In homespun garb of gray,
The father sitting by the window wide,
Unfolds his paper with an honest pride,
And in his homely way
Reads of the pomp of state—its wealth and art—
With scarce one envious longing in his heart.

Upon the lowly steps
The grandame watches for the coming moon,
While murmurs of some half-remembered tune
Drop from her faded lips;
She dreams again of olden days more fair,
Nor marks the shadows flitting o'er her hair.

O baby, glad with play!
O mother, knowing not the heart's recoil!
O father, wearied only by your toil!
O grandame, old and gray!
Would that the quiet of your day's decline
Might hush the throbbing of this life of mine.

MR. BULSTEAD'S SURPRISE.

Mr. Bulstead's third and last letter bore the Oxford postmark; as he opened it he frowned. His niece, who had long ago noted that particular letter with apprehension, helped him in haste to the hottest and choicest kidney on the dish. Maggie knew well that of late the contents of letters from Oxford were far from welcome.

"Now, I will not stand this any longer!" cried the irritable old gentleman, dashing his fist upon the table and narrowly missing the just arrived and juicy kidney. "Now, Master Tom has tried my patience once too often! Bill after bill have I settled during the last three months, expecting each to be the last; and, forsooth, listen to this, miss! To 500 lawn-tennis, £12 10s.; to rackets, as per former account, £8 10s.; to marking machines, £4; to—good gracious—to half a ton of whiting, £4; total £29! Good gracious! I say, does the young scapegrace live upon whiting?"

"Oh it must be a mistake uncle!"

"Mistake, indeed! Why, did not I have a bill of £2 10. for dog-collars? Was that a mistake too? And the wine bill, and Symonds' bill for horse-hire! All mistake, of course! You may thank your stars, young lady," cried the old gentleman, abandoning the indignantly satirical for the savagely personal tone, "that I would not let you tie yourself to this extravagant nephew of mine. Now I've done with him, and so have you."

Maggie rose from the table with a flushed face and looked from the window with eyes that saw little of the square outside through their tears. But, like a wise girl, she kept silence, and the kind-hearted old gentleman after storming once or twice up and down the room began to cast uneasy glances at the graceful figure by the window. If there was one person whom Mr. Bulstead loved before and above the cause of his present anger it was his niece, Maggie Lloyd.

"Well, well," said he, sitting down to his now cold kidney. "There, my dear, give me another cup of tea. Half a ton of whiting—the lad must have gone mad!"

"It might have gone in worse things than whiting," she suggested humbly, but with a humorous quiver at the corner of a pretty mouth.

"So it might; that's true." The old gentleman was a little more straight-faced than most Londoners. "I'll tell you what, Maggie, I'll give you one more chance, I'll go down to Oxford by the 11 o'clock train, giving him no notice, and see for myself what sort of life he is living. If he is doing nothing worse than wasting money I'll forgive him; but if I find the young fellow is as vicious as some of those Oxford sparks, why then"—and Mr. Bulstead's voice assumed a quite unaccustomed tone of cool determination—"I've done with nephew Tom."

Maggie trifled with the teaspoons, her eyes bent upon the plate. Her uncle's irritability was little to be feared; it was more than neutralized by his kindness of heart. But she knew him to be on rare occasions, and in some matters, a man of great obstinacy; and, loving her consin with all her heart, she dreaded the result of her uncle's projected trip. Tom would be doing nothing dreadful, but he might be doing something Mr. Bulstead might object to. To move her uncle from his resolve, once expressed in this way, she knew to be beyond even her influence; the more as the old gentleman, who had a few months before forbidden an express engagement between the cousins, was a little inclined to resent any influence she might try to exert in Tom's behalf.

"I shall not want any more tea, thank you, so you may go to your music lesson if you like. I shall just go to the Athenæum for an hour, and then to Paddington. I'll leave orders about the carriage and then if you like you can meet the six o'clock train with it.

When Mr. Bulstead reached his club he found to his disgust, that his favorite chair was occupied by a bishop. Had it been any one else, he would not have scrupled at attempting to oust him by one of those forms of strategy so well known in club rooms; but as it was he ran his eye over the *Times* "all standing," and took his seat in a cab not in the best of tempers. "Half a ton of whiting!" he muttered to himself, in tones of freiful speculation, as he passed through Park lane.

He felt a little like a spy as he hurried across Canterbury Quad, and made with all speed for the bottom of Tom's staircase. The scout, old "Dot and go one," as he was called from his wooden leg, in vain essayed to detain him. Up went Mr. Bulstead two steps at a time to the second floor, where, above the left-hand door, appeared, in white letters upon a black ground, his own name. He knocked sharply, and hardly waiting for some one within to utter what might or might not be "Come in," threw it open and entered. Lounging upon one of the window seats, in flannels and a cigarrette in his mouth, was a young fellow whose good looking face was rather manly and straight-forward than handsome. He was alone and got up without much appearance of flurry.

"How do you do uncle? I thought it was you crossing the quad. Take a seat. Why did you not let me know that you were coming?"

Mr. Bulstead took the proffered seat and panted as he looked round. The stairs were steep and his wind was not so good as it had been.

"I thought I would come upon you a bit by surprise, Tom," he said, without any circumlocution. "The fact is, it is that whiting that has brought me."

"Whiting, uncle!" ejaculated Tom, with his first show of surprise.

"Half a ton of whiting!" murmured his uncle, irresistibly impelled to dwell upon the mystery. "Half a ton of whiting! Ay, here it is." And he flourished the bill under the other's nose.

Tom took it gingerly, and opened it with a serious face. It seemed to Mr. Bulstead that he was not quite so much at his ease as he would have his uncle believe, and the old gentleman glanced suspiciously round the room. It certainly was not the room of a hard-working, hard-reading student; but still there was nothing objectionable in it. He turned his glance again upon Tom: the latter was contemplating the bill with a broad smile genuine enough.

"Well," said Mr. Bulstead, "what have you to say about? Half a ton of whiting, you know, Tom?"

The young man laughed loudly.

"I am not at fault this time, sir; it is the Lawn-Tennis Club's account sent in to me as secretary. I gave the ground-man the check to pay it last week, and why they should have had the impudence to send it in to you I can't imagine."

"Umph! but how about the whiting, Tom! What is that for?"

"Marking out the grounds, sir."

"Of course it is, Tom! Very stupid of me. Well, I'm very glad of it, my boy," said Mr. Bulstead pleasantly. The mystery of the whiting was cleared up; but somehow it had made him suspicious.

"Now, said Tom, "will you come with me to a shop I want to call at in the High—not a hundred yards off, sir? and by the time we come back lunch will be ready."

Was the dust of that whiting stil in Mr. Bulstead's eyes? At any rate, it seem to him that his nephew was peculiarly and restlessly anxious to get him out of the rooms. However, he rose.

"Yes, Tom, certainly. Where did I put my umbrella? Ah, here it is, thank you. Why—what the—deuce—is—that!"

If it had been another half ton of whiting piled upon the sofa, the old gentlemant's face could not have grown darker. The thing lying half hidden by the sofa cushion was a lady's parasol—a dainty, tiny, wicked-looking sun-shade of gray silk; and by it was a glove too, too apparent French kid. Mr. Bulstead's worst fears were confirmed with a vengeance: all along he had felt that there was something wrong; this was the haunt of wicked dissipation he had half feared he should find it. Half a ton of whiting indeed! In a moment, and before he had glanced at the young fellow's confused face, he thought the worst of him.

"Well, sir," he said—and there was real sorrow as well as anger in the tone—"can you explain this with equal ease?"

"No, I cannot, sir; but"——

"You can't? Cannot say whose they are, or how they came to be in your room? Fie, sir, fie! Or where their owner is now, I suppose?" he added, suddenly recalling the scout's seeming attempts to delay him at the foot of the stairs, and marking the doors that led to two inner rooms.

"I cannot account for them."

"And will not, I suppose?"

"You can put it that way if you like, sir. All I can say is that I am innocent of what you are thinking of me. I give you my word of honor, I am; and I can't say more."

The old man was a little impressed by the younger's earnestness. The obnoxious articles might have been left there innocently, of course.

"Then let me have a look into your other rooms, young man, if you wish me to believe you."

"No, I can't do that!" cried Tom, springing, as the other advanced, towards the nearer door and setting his back against it. He was cooler now, and not a bit confused. The old gentleman, even in his anger, noticed that he looked more handsome than ever before.

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" he cried imperatively. Then suddenly changing his tone to an appealing one; "Make a clean breast of it and I'll try to forgive you."

"There's nothing to forgive."

"Then open that door. You won't?"

"No."

"As I live, if you don't before I count three, I'll cut you off without a shilling. Now sir: one, two—it's your last chance—three! There, sir, I've done with you now, sir—I've done with you—I've done with you!" And, clapping on his hat, with ferocious haste and shaking steps the old gentleman ran down the stairs, and, his heart full of sorrow and anger, made for the station.

"Ah, Tom, Tom! A minute later he opened the inner door and looked rather anxiously at the half frightened, wholly pretty face that appeared at it.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"No, but do let me get away. I am so nervous. He was very angry, wasn't he? Yes. What was it about, Tom? Bills?"

"Yes," was the somewhat halting reply; bills and other things. I dare say he'll cool down. If you hear anything against me, you won't believe it, will you?

"O Tom, how can you ask!"

"Then there is no harm done," answered Tom, bravely and gallantly. And after reconnoitering from the window, the two left the rooms.

To return to Mr. Bulstead, senior. It was a great trouble to him. Looking back upon that half-ton of whiting, he wondered how that could have made him angry with the lad. If he would only have kept to that, he could have forgiven him a ship-load of whiting. But this was a different matter, and the more the old gentleman thought of it, the worse it appeared to him. Still he was a just and fair man; he had no real intention of cutting off the young profligate, as he termed him in his thoughts, with a shilling. He would make him a sufficient but small allowance, but near his house or near Maggie he would not have him.

He made this last determination known to Maggie, merely adding that her cousin had behaved so ill that he had forbidden him the house. The announcement was received with a woman's strongest remonstrances—silent tears. Altogether things were rather gloomy that June in Fitzroy Square.

One morning Mr. Bulstead, made up his mind to see his lawyer about Tom. "I'll get it over," he said to himself, with a sigh, as he sought for his umbrella in the stand. It took him some time time to find it.

"Bless the umbrella!" he cried at length, tumbling among the heap. "Is that it? No! Nor this. Why, what's this? Well, I am dashed!"

Only the word which he used was a stronger one, and one which seldom, even in moments of irritability, escaped him. But now, at the sight of a sunshade in the umbrella stand, he solemnly repeated it twice: "Well, I am dashed!"

Then he stood in the hall for some minutes whistling softly to himself. This done, he went rather slowly and thoughtfully up to the drawing-room, and stood on the hearth-rug.

"Were you at Oxford when I was there on the 28th of last month?"

"Yes," answered Maggie, horribly frightened, and yet relieved at getting the matter off her mind. She had not confessed simply because she was afraid of increasing her uncle's anger against Tom. "Yes, I was, uncle. You said you were going to put Tom to the test, and I was afraid he might be doing something to displease you. I went to warn him."

"And you were in his rooms while I was there?"

"Yes. It was foolish of me; you followed me so closely and I was afraid to face you. Tom put me in the Scout's Hole, as he called it."

"So you deceived me between you?" said he harshly.

"No, sir; I did. Tom knew nothing of my coming. He was afraid for me, not for himself."

"Did he tell you what I was angry about?"

"After you were gone?"

"Of course!" snapped Mr. Bulstead, poking the fire vigorously.

"I think," said Maggie timidly, for now it was Tom's favor that was at stake, "he said it was about bills. He had nothing to do with my journey to Oxford."

"And a nice ladylike thing you consider it, I suppose, gadding about to young men's rooms. Very well. Since you seem inclined to mix yourself up with his affairs, you will write to him at once and tell him to come up to town and call here. When you are both together I'll tell you what I think of it. A pretty pair of fools!"

And Mr. Bulstead fumed his way out of the room without much outward heat and an angry expression of countenance. But the butler, who watched his exit with awe, and opined that there had been stormy weather upstairs, was amazed to hear him utter with an audible chuckle as he reached the darkest angle of the staircase, "Good lad! Good lad!"

Tom of course, came up as fast as the Great Western would bring him; and when they were both together Mr. Bulstead told the culprits what he thought of it. No happier trio sat down to dinner that day in London than the party presided over by our friend's butler. Somewhere in the old gentleman's nature was a large lump of the chivalrous, and for the sake of Tom's gallantry, Maggie's deception was forgiven. In no long time he did visit his lawyer, but it was upon business more pleasant both to himself and to that professional gentleman. "For a really paying piece of work," the latter has often been heard to say in confidence, "give me a marriage settlement."

Old Church at Breda.

In stately splendor from the old houses of the market-place rises the noble Hervormde Kerk (Protestant Church), with a lofty octagon tower, and a most characteristic bulbous Dutch spire. Here, as we wanted to see the interior, we first were puzzled by our ignorance of Dutch, finding as everywhere in the small towns that the natives knew no language but their own. But two old women in high caps and gold earrings observed our puzzledom from a window, and pointed to a man and a key—we nodded; the man pointed to himself, a door and a key—we nodded; and we were soon inside the building. It was our first introduction to Dutch Calvinism and iconoclasm, and piteous indeed was it to see so magnificent a church thickly covered with whitewash, and the quantity of statues which it contains of deceased Dukes and Duchesses of Nassau bereft of their legs and petticoats. Only in a grand side chapel on the left of the choir, the noble tomb of Engelbrecht II. of Nassau, general under the Emperor Maximilian (1505), remains intact. The guide lights matches to shine through the transparent alabaster of the figures, that of the Duke represents death, that of the Duchess sleep, as they lie beneath the stone slab which bears the armor of Engelbrecht, and is supported by figures of Cæsar, Hannibal, Regulus and Philip of Macedon; that of Cæsar is sublime. The tomb of Sir Francis Vere in Westminster Abbey is of the same design, and is supposed to be copied from this famous monument. Outside the chapel is the tomb of Engelbrecht V. of Nassau, with all his family kneeling, in quaint head-dresses. The other sights of the church are the brass font in the Baptistery, and a noble brass in the choir of William de Gaellen, Dean of the Chapter, 1539. It will be observed that here and almost everywhere else in Holland, the names of the saints which used to be attached to the churches have disappeared; the buildings are generally known as the old church or new church, or great church.

Washington Shop-Keepers.

The older shop-keepers of Washington are usually very interesting men. They have lived through a great deal of interesting history, in the place where history is made, and have caught some of it now and then, as it passes by. For years they have furnished the great men of the country with necessaries and luxuries—oftentimes at great personal expense. But their unusual class of customers has given them unusual experiences, and, as a result, unusual culture of a certain sort. They are reservoirs of reminiscence.

One could not spend an afternoon more pleasantly than in chatting with the gray-haired proprietor of a certain book-store on Pennsylvania avenue, not far from the Capitol, made famous by the great men who have whiled away their idle hours within its walls. No private building in Washington has ever held more distinguished men than this little shop. Few have such a store of memories as is to be found there. But the young men in these shops are not so well informed as the old shop-keepers, and their comments upon their famous old customers, when they affect any personal knowledge about them at all are apt to be very funny.

Several blocks west of the historic book store, is a hat store, more ambitious and less distinguished than it used to be. Two other hat stores, further west, attract more fashionable people, now that all the people in Washington do not live in the central or eastern parts. But it is still a successful establishment, and, while "viewing with alarm" the encroachments of its rivals, "points with pride" to its past achievements and to its dead customers. In its window is a hat—an old-fashioned beaver—labeled "Henry Clay's last hat," which is eyed with reverent interest by all the Kentucklans who come to town. Recently two rather distinguished Kentuckians went to look at it.

They were allowed to do so by the courteous young clerk, who also treated them to choice tidbits of information about the past glories of the store. He told them that all the great men of the bellum and ante-bellum period brought their hats at this old and reliable establisement.

"This was the hat that Clay ordered just before his death. He had not really worn it. He died," continued the clerk, glibly, "right across the way, in that old double house."

"Oh, I guess not," put in one of the Kentuckians. "Clay died at the National Hotel, down here a bit."

"Yes," said the clerk, "that's so. It was Daniel Webster who died in that house across the street."

"Oh, no," said the other Kentuckian "Daniel Webster died at his home in Massachusetts."

"Well," said the cornered clerk, fairly desperate at this rude treatment of his treasured recollections; "somebody died in that old house across the street, anyhow."

"Very likely," said both Kentuckians. "Good morning."

Cynthia Parker's Life.

Not long ago there appeared in a Fort Worth paper an advertisement saying that a Comanche chief living near Fort Sill wanted to obtain a photograph of his mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, and asking as a special favor that anyone knowing where such a portrait could be had would communicate with him. A. F. Corning, of McLennan County, saw the advertisement, and at once wrote to the newspaper in question that he could furnish the picture. He happened to know that an old daguerreotype of the woman was in existence in Waco, and taking this to an artist, he had several copies made, one of which was sent to the chief.

Cynthia Ann Parker was the heroine of one of the most touching romances of the Texas border. Her parents and grand-parents were among the pioneers of the State. Her grandfather, Colonel Parker, after whom Parker County was named, was a noted man in his day. The Parkers lived on an exposed frontier, and, though formidable in Indian warfare, they were sufferers from raids by savages.

About the year 1840, when the Comanches swept over that part of the state the Parkers lost nearly all their property, and eventually some of them were killed, and Cynthia, then 9 years of age, was taken prisoner. Many efforts were made to rescue her, but all without avail. Several times parties of brave men invaded the camp of the redskins and searched for the child; and, on at least two occasions, lives were lost in the effort to return her to her family. Every device was resorted to to gain information of her. Sometimes for months it would be believed that she had been killed, but finally a vague story would gain circulation to the effect that a white girl had been seen with a roving band, and search would be renewed.

When Cynthia was taken captive the savages placed her in charge of their women, and the child, finding she was to be well treated, soon came to enjoy the wild life which she led, and to look upon the Indians as her natural friends. When her clothing was worn out she adopted the savage costume. She learned their language, took part in their games, and eventually, having become a sturdy woman, she joined them on some of their raids. Ten years after her capture found her the wife of the war chief of the tribe, apparently as contented with her lot as any of the other women who were her constant associates.

Some years after her marriage, when the Comanches were at peace with the settlers, a party of white men entered their camp one day and found the missing girl, now grown out of their recollection almost. Two or three children played about her knee, looking very much like the other youthful aborgines, save that they were neater in appearance and much more carefully watched by their mother. When they questioned her they found that she had almost forgotten her native tongue, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could make them understand. She inquired after her relatives, and asked many questions about the white people generally; but in reply to a suggestion that she should accompany them to her former home she said she was happily married, had a good husband and nice children, and could not leave them. She had made their home her home, and no other place on earth would be other than a prison to her. They left her very much cast down, and on returning to the settlements spread the story far and wide.

For a time the interest in her case was revived, and many old settlers who knew her father and grandfather threatened to make war on the Comanches and take her away from them. Nothing could convince these old settlers that Cynthia would stay with the Indians of her own free will, and it was only after the most emphatic protests by the men who had seen her in her savage home that her would-be deliverers abandoned the idea of taking her by force. She was finally recaptured most unexpectedly. Being out with a war party of the Comanches in the fall of 1858, she was cut off from the braves in some manner by Gen. L. S. Ross, of Waco, and taken prisoner in company with several other women. At first no one recognized her, but after being taken to Canton, Van Zandt county, some close observers expressed the opinion that she was a white woman. Then the story was circulated, that she was Cynthia Parker, traditions of whose fate still existed, and her brothers and venerable grandfather were sent for. The brothers looked at her long and earnestly, but could not remember her. The old man, however, identified her as the stolen girl, and she finally admitted that he was right. There was great joy over her recovery on the part of her relatives and her friends, but not so with her. She vainly tried to escape, and passed many hours in tears. She had with her at the time of her capture her youngest child, 2 years of age, the two eldest having been left at home. The little one had a smattering of Spanish, and the mother spoke that language, as well as the Indian tongue, fluently, but neither knew anything of English. After a while, Cynthia and her child accompanied her brothers to their home, in Parker county, where she and the babe soon pined away and died.

Her two boys who had been left with the tribe grew to be stalwart warriors, handsome in form and feature, and more than ordinarily intelligent. One of them is now the chief of the Comanches in the Indian Territory, a man of great influence with both the Indians and the whites, and under whose guidance his tribe has made decided progress in civilization. He remembers his mother affectionately, and his advertisement in the Fort Worth paper was the result of his having heard that just before she died she had her picture taken. He did not know where to look for the likeness, but, determining to find it, or a copy of it, if possible, advertised in the Texas papers until he found it. He expressed great joy when the picture was placed in his hands.

Santa Anna's Captured Coat.

The Mexican Minister has addressed the following letter to the Secretary of War of Mexico, to which as yet he has received no answer.

"I noticed a short time ago that there was at the Patent Office, Interior Department, on exhibition, a coat bearing an inscription which read verbatim as follows: Coat worn by General Santa Anna. This coat was captured by Captain Robordeau Wheat, commanding General Winfield Scott's body-guard during the Mexican war.' The coat, together with several objects that used to belong to George Washington, and other articles not properly pertaining to the Patent Office, where they were on exhibition, were moved to the National Museum, established in 1879. The coat is of common dark blue cloth. It has a red collar with two grenades embroidered in gold, one on each side; brass buttons, also with grenades, and a very narrow strap on the left shoulder. There are three buttons of the same metal, but smaller, in the lower part of the sleevs It does not seem by its size that it could have been worn by General Santa Anna.

"Fearing that some person had imposed on the good faith of the United States Government in presenting to it, as the spoils of a hostile general, a coat which seems to have belonged to a lieutenant of artillery, I thought it would be proper to denounce the fraud; but I have decided not to do so without laying this information before the department and receiving their instructions on the subject. Should it appear, after consulting the regulations in force at that time, concerning military uniforms that said coat could never have belonged to a General-in-Chief, it seems to me that we ought to state so officially to the United States Government, and confer thereby a favor on them."

Hungry Men.

Twenty hungry men were recently set down to a meal composed of a single egg. It was an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard boiled egg lay upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. It had the white and bluish tinge of duck eggs, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes twenty-eight hen eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare.

The Native Tongue.

Count Herbert Bismarck (on a tour in the Baltic provinces), following the Russophilistic policy now in vogue at Berlin, snubbed at Revel his entertainers, who are given to affecting German speech and habits and depreciating Russian. His health having been proposed in German, he expressed his regret that he had been too short a time in Russia to be able to reply in the native tongue of his hosts. This has been much commented upon at St Petersburg.

The passions are the voice of the body.

Victor Hugo.

This eminent French writer is very abstemious both in eating and drinking. He drinks Bordeaux as a rule, but never undiluted. Even on the most ceremonious occasions he will not depart from his *eau rouge*. He was once dining at the Tuileries under Louis Philippe. The Duc de Nemours, who was opposite him, ordered a certain bottle of wine to be placed by the poet's side; it is an old Chateau Lafitte, worth its weight in gold. His Royal Highness gazed at Victor Hugo, curious to see what the effect of the taste of such nectar would have on him, Judge of his horror and surprise on seeing the bard pollute it with the contents of the water decanter.

It is this sobriety and regularity which enables Victor Hugo to get through so much work. The first attempt of the poet was written at the age of 14. It was a piece of poetry called "Le Jury" He sent it to the Academy hoping to win a prize, but it was not "crowned." Nothing daunted, young Hugo persevered, and soon convinced the Forty Immortals that he possessed the sacred fire. He composes with wonderful rapidity. For example, he wrote his "Cromwell" in three months, and his "Notre Dame de Paris" in four months, and a half. But even these have been his longest periods of labor, and as he grew older he wrote faster. "Marion Delorme" was finished in 24 days, "Hernani" in 26 and "Le Rois' Amuse" in 20. To-day, in his 82d year, he is more rapid than ever; and verily, indeed, it may be said that "panting time toils after him in vain."

But to return to the poet in his daily life. During dinner he amuses his guests with lively anecdotes, which he has a talent for telling as well as writing. In this respect he is unlike many authors who are all pen and no tongue. Ladies will be flattered to learn that their sex has an important position at the poet's table. Victor Hugo the older he grows appears to like ladies' society the more. He, is very gallant, and kisses the hands of his lady visitors in good old courtier style. He is no poser, as men of genius sometimes are, but adopts a simplicity which puts his guests at their ease. He never monopolizes the conversation and has a knack of not allowing other people to do so.

Victor Hugo is at present engaged on a work which he believes will eclipse all his previous productions. He has already several completed manuscripts which have not yet seen the light, and which are carefully stored in a strong box. Whether the work which he is now writing will be added to them and kept secret till after his death time alone can tell.

Gladstone in Private Life.

I saw Mr. Gladstone first when he was about 60 years of age, Happening to sit very near him at a dinner party, I had a good opportunity of examining his appearance closely and of making mental notes of his conversation. I had heard him called "a sloven," but it struck me that he was even scrupulously neat, from the arrangement of his already thinned locks to that of the small bouquet in his button-hole; and during the years that I had the good fortune of seeing him from time to time the same care was always apparent. The most noticeable point about Mr. Gladstone's physique is his immense head, the extreme development of the supercilliary ridge giving his dark eyes doubly the appearance of being deeply set. I had seen many photographs of the statesman, in all of which the likeness was striking, but all of which more or less exaggerated peculiarities, and gave the impression of a remarkably plain, almost a repulsive person; whereas at the period to which I refer he was really a handsome man; the women all thought so, and with their hero worship there mingled a good deal of personal admiration.

Mr. Gladstone told me that he approved of everyone doing a portion of manual labor—a practice which he has always observed himself and encouraged in those about him. To this habit a good deal of the vigor of his old age is doubtless due.

Speaking of his physical powers, he once said to me:

"I think I preserve my strength by husbanding it; if I am obliged to sit up late at night, I always rise proportionately late the following morning; and I never do, and never have done a stroke of work on Sunday."

"When I am at mental work I require and take a certain portion of wine but I can, and do, work hard with my hands while taking only water.

It was generelly at dinner parties that I met the prime minister, and I noticed that he was a very moderate eater and drinker, yet without the least affectation of abstemiousness.

The topic of discussion at one dinner party which I remember was Bismarck. For a time Mr. Gladstone was silent, then suddenly turned to me, saying:

"If Cavour had had the same theater as Bismarck he would have been a more distinguished man."

Hints to Gentlemen.

Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

Don't wear apparel with decided colors or with pronounced patterns. Don't—we address here the male reader, for whom this brochure is mainly designed—wear anything that is pretty. What have men to do with pretty things? Select quiet colors and unobtrusive patterns, and adopt no style of cutting that belittles the figure. It is right enough that men's apparel should be becoming, that it should be graceful, and that it should lend dignity to the figure; but it should never be ornamental, fanciful, grotesque, odd, capricious nor pretty.

Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, nor thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyism, the other rustic.

Don't wear trinkets, shirt-pins, finger-rings, or anything that is solely ornamental. One may wear shirt-studs, a scarf pin, a watch chain and a seal, because these articles are useful; but the plainer they are the better.

The wise man avenges injuries by benefits

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 23, '84.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Special Bargains

TO SHOW YOU. MAKE AN AFTER HARVEST PLEASURE TRIP TO

"THE FAIR"

or

"SUPPLY DEPOT."

——IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.——

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

☞ *SPECIAL.* ☜

We have secured from the manufacturers and importers some wonderful bargains in Jerseys that you will do well to avail yourselves of at an early date before the lines are broken.

1 *lot of Imported Jerseys in Blues, Blacks, Cardinal and Brown at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 50.

1 *lot of Cardinal at* $3 50, *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Blues at* $3 50 *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Black Braided, Pleated back, with Bow, Collar and French front at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 00.

1 *lot of Black, Pleated back, and with Bow at* $2 75, *regular price* 4 00.

1 *lot of Black at* $1 25.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, June,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Weather was cool for harvesting. Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Samuel Slack, of Potters Mills, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——Our young legal friend, Cal Meyer, favored our sanctum with a call.

——Geo. Nearhood, of this place, is digging the cellar for a new house.

——Benj. Arney threshed new grain last week. He is the first on the list.

——Lou. Shafer, candidate for Prothonotary, called upon the "Reporter."

——Most of the grain is in the barns in good order, and barns full to overflowing.

——The REPORTER during the campaign can be had at the low price of 40 cents.

—— Millheim will have a grand harvest home pic-nic, in a grove near that town, on Friday 25 instant.

Each purchaser of a dress is presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte. 2j4t

——We are having a dry spell just now and rain is much needed for the corn and vegetation. Roads are fearfully dusty.

——Miss Lizzie Harpster has graced the "Reporter" table with a sweet bouquet, for which she will consider our hat tipped.

——Cheap summer suits at the famous low priced clothing store of Lewins & Co. You save from $5 to $10 on a suit.

——With the advent of the railroad there will no doubt be some more stations, affording a fine chance for a few more "Halls."

Valentines Store Co., Lim., is presenting every purchaser of a dress with a universal paper pattern—51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade. 2j4t

——Mr. Jasp. Wolf had his crop hauled in last week already and partly threshed. You don't catch Jasp napping at any time.

—Stover's marble yard has of late sent some fine work to different cemeteries in this valley. The finest jobs are turned out by Stover, at low prices.

——Rev's DeLong and Roeder exchanged pulpits last Sabbath—Rev. DeLong preaching at Centre Hall and Rev. Roeder at Bellefonte Ref. church.

——The Philad. Branch still takes the lead for cheap suits for men and boys. Also cuffs, collars, ties, hats, dusters, and anything belonging to men's wearing apparel.

——An old landmark has disappeared at Woodward. The ancient Motz sawmill has been torn from its walls by Mr. C. Motz, and a new one will be erected instead.

——E. I. Walker, of Milesburg, thinks he will be the Republican nominee for Assembly. He would, no doubt, be as good a chap as the rads could put up to ——.

——Lewins reduced the price of summer suits since the nomination of Cleveland, and will sell as cheap to Blaine people as to Cleveland folks. Get your clothing at the Philad. Branch always.

— George H. Stover, of Missouri, formerly of Aaronsburg, has returned to his native town, accompanied by Mrs. Stover, on a visit. He left Aaronsburg some 20 years ago.

——Prof. Houtz, of Rock Springs, will teach a select school in Centre Hall beginning possibly July 28, provided a sufficient number of scholars can be raised to justify it.

——Mr. John White, of Spring township, was killed by a kick from a horse on Monday. He was thrashing grain with horses on the barn floor and walking behind them, was kicked on the breast and almost instantly killed.

——A grand ice-cream Festival will be held at Rebersburg, Saturday afternoon and evening, with all the usual refreshments. Proceeds for the benefit of the band. One and all are invited to an enjoyable time of music, ice-cream, cakes, etc.

——Gen. Fisher will deliver a lecture at Boalsburg, on Tuesday evening, August 5, on Libby prison life, for benefit of the Sabbath school.

——Always vote for the best men and then buy your clothing at the Philad. Branch, and you will die happy if you have your sins forgiven. The Philad. Branch always sells at lowest possible prices and never imposes upon its customers.

——The railroad will be completed to Bellefonte this fall yet, is what the contractor informs us, and noticing the activity on the Lemont side we are inclined to believe it. The track is now completed to near Linden Hall.

——The ground for the depot building has been staked off by engineer White. It is located on the north side the railroad and on the east side of the pike. The station grounds for Linden Hall, Oak Hall and Lemont have also been selected.

——The Italian railroad hands in the employ of contractor Van Dyke got on a strike last week and assumed a rather threatening attitude. Fortunately there was no violence committed. The strike originated from a misunderstanding about wages.

——Jared Kreamer's Millheim meat market is quite a convenient institution for that town and vicinity. Being supplied with a refrigerator fresh meat can at all times be had. John Miller, formerly of our town, is superintendent and renders satisfaction to customers.

——The encampment of the Grand Army at Bellefonte will begin August 16 and continue until August 21. "Camp Lee," a Confederate organization from Virginia, are expected to be present. A lively time is promised. Not less than five thousand soldiers are expected.

——We had an opportunity last week of seeing the greater part of the grain fields of this valley, and they never presented such an appearance of abundance. The shocks crowd the fields and the heads of wheat are large, full and perfect. All agree that we never had a year of greater abundance.

LINDEN HALL ITEMS.

Harvest is over, and every farmer is telling harvest stories. John S. Boal has purchased an Excelsior binder; H. Gingerick, a Johnson, John Rop invested in the Wood and Henry Meyer, Sr., in an Osborne—as usual all have the best. Mr. C. Baumgardner's barn was raised last week; it was the work of his son William, which is a sufficient guarantee that the job is a good one. Cleveland and Hedricks strikes us right, also a number of Republican friends. Mrs. Windsor, who was visiting friends here, has gone to her home in Mich. Mrs. P. H. Meyer spent last week at Spring Mills with her parents. We are informed that a certain house in this place is burglarized regularly once a week; strange to say the disturbance is generally "maid" in the parlor, and at a time when the inmates would be stirring had they not acquired a habit of late rising on Sunday morning. A number of citizens hung around the railroad looking for the R. R. pic-nic; we think some of them were expecting a lot of you fellows. We should like to have Hon. W. K. Alexander's speech published which he delivered after the nominations of Cleveland and Hendricks, but space will not permit.

HARRIS.

DEATH OF CAPT. POTTER.

Capt. Wilson Potter, of Bellefonte, we are informed, died on Tuesday evening. Capt. Potter was well known, and universally beloved.

A TERRIBLE WRECK.

Pittsburg, July 20.—A special from Canton, O., says: A point on the Connolon Valley railroad, two miles east of here, was last night the scene of a terrible wreck. The employés of Aultman & Co's machine works held their annual pic-nic at Cuyahoga Fall and over 2,000 persons went on the excursion. There were two trains of fifteen cars each. The first section arrived at Canton on its return at 7:20 p. m., and while hundreds of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters were waiting at the station for their friends and relatives on the second section a messenger came running down the track crying that the train had been wrecked and many excursionists killed and injured. The scene which followed was of the most heartrending description and when the wreck was reached men, women and children ran around wringing their hands and looking for their loved ones. Nine cars were off the track and in water four feet deep. Hundreds of willing hands immediately set to work and it was found that more than 25 persons were injured, but it was impossible to say how many were killed or who they were. About a dozen or more passengers are missing and may be under the cars but nothing definite is yet known.

A telegraph office has been opened near the wreck and everything is being done to alleviate the sufferings of the injured. The engine went over all right, but the first car jumped the track and eight others followed. Thus they were dragged a distance of two hundred feet, throwing the occupants from one side to the other and finally jumped the small embankment, landing in four feet of water. The doors were then cut open and the people got out. Three doctors are on the ground attending the wounded.

WHEAT! WHEAT!—Persons wanting clean seed wheat—Longberry—should send their orders in on or before August 20; price, 10 cents above market price. 23jul3t I. J. GRENOBLE.

IT WENT ROUND AMONG THE NEIGHBORS,

Mr. Levi Stahl, merchant and postmaster at Fostoria, Pa., writes:

Mr. J. A. McDonald, Reedsville, Pa.

Dear Sir:—Some time ago I had a severe attack of chronic diarrhoea. Could obtain no relief. A friend gave me a part of a bottle of your Curtis' Carmelite Cordial, and a few doses entirely cured me. The balance of the bottle went around among the neighbors. Since then I have written to New York and Philadelphia for the medicine but could not procure it. I traced up the bottle we had and found it was purchased of Mr. Jacob Cowan, merchant in Altoona, and from him obtained your address. Please forward me one dozen bottles by express at once, as I do not wish to be without it in my family and wish to sell it in my store.

Single bottle Curtis' Carmelite Cordial guaranteed to cure any case of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, cramps, pains, and all irritation of the bowels incident to change of climate, diet or water.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., 23j2 Philadelphia Agents.

GOOD FOR MALARIA.

E. James, Thompsontown, Pa., writes: J. A. McDonald.

Dear Sir:—Send me two dozen boxes of your Liver Pills at once. Some of our people say they have cured them of chills and fever and they do not want to be without them. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co., 23j2 Philadelphia Agents.

A Card From Mr. Alexander.

To the Democrats of Centre Co.:

Having learned that my name has been mentioned both by personal friends and political foes as a possible candidate for the Democratic nomination for the lower house of the Legislature, and as many friends are asking me every day what I desire to do in this matter, I deem it right that all Democrats should be informed as to my position.

It has been a life-long custom, (not, however, without exception,) to give members of the Legislature at least two terms. JB. F. Hunter and Henry Meyer were duly elected by the Democrats in 1882. They have served but one term. Why should they not be returned? I have watched their record carefully, and I see nothing in it that ought to exclude them from a re-election. Yet it is reported to me that there is a general desire among Democrats that new men should be taken at this time in order to insure success. I do not believe it necessary to insure success. If they receive the nomination every Democrat will or should vote for them according to the usages of the party unless he can assign some better reason for not doing so than I have yet heard. But a number of new men are in the field (see announcements in the papers,) and I have been urged to be one of them. To this request I have uniformly replied that I did not want the office. I have served two terms in the House of Representatives and two sessions in the Senate of the State. I did the best I could to serve the people and yet I have found a number who, without understanding the questions, find fault with my course. I could not serve everybody according to their diversified views on public questions. Two years ago, according to the custom of the party, I was entitled to and did receive a re-nomination for a second term in the State Senate, but a combination was made against me which I saw would require more effort to overcome than the honor or the profits of the place would justify, and hence I declined a nomination fairly made, and left the field open to those who opposed me. Now I say to my friends that I have no political debts to pay. Those who opposed my just nomination I shall not in any manner oppose. As for myself I do not seek the office.

I believe in the old-time principle that the office should seek the man and not the man the office. This is the only way to prevent a recurrence of the factional quarrels within the party—with which it is again threatened. The system of electioneering for positions of public trust is pernicious and destructive to the welfare of the party as well as the public service. The people should elect the best men for the places regardless of the importunities of candidates or their friends.

The next session of the Legislature will be an important one; Legislative, Senatorial and Congressional apportionment bills must be passed. Where will Centre county be placed in these several laws? None but men of experience in legislation should be placed on guard of these interests.

As I have said, I do not seek the office, and if I did time and inclination and principle would prevent me making a canvass of the county. But if the party in its wisdom thinks that I can serve it best, I feel it my duty to accept the trust.

Your obedient servant,

C. T. ALEXANDER.

At Stillwater, Michigan, a convict named Howard, sentenced to three years imprisonment for robbery, crawled into the smokestack of a thresher made in the state prison at that place, and with the machine was loaded on cars. After being two days and two nights without food or drink, he got out at Minnesota Transfer, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and took to the woods.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. Adam Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for President Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Judge Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that Henry Meyer, of Miles, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Leonard Rhone, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Fred'k Kurtz, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John A. Woodward, of Howard, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. Philip S. Fisher, of Zion, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that C. T. Alexander, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Barnhart, of Spring, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Christian Derr, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. Griffith, of Hallmoon, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Gramley, of Walker, (formerly of Miles,) is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. A. Shafer, of Bellefonte, (late of Walker,) is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. B. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank E. Bible is a candidate for re-nomination for Recorder, subject to Democratic usages.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that James A. M'Clain is a candidate for re-nomination for Register, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that John Q. Miles, of Huston, (Martha, P. O.,) is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Coldron, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Joseph L. Neff, of Boggs, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John M. Furey, of Spring, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Wolf, of Miles, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

Sunbeams.

An absorber—A sponge.

Always in haste—The letter h.

A guilt frame—The prison window.

The most precious canine is a diamond setter.

Show your colors, but don't show them on your nose.

The path of duty—The road to the Custom House.

The train of thought leads the pencil, and hence it is a lead pencil.

The youth who "sows wild oats" is apt to mix in more or less tares.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule; you will soon find you are better off.

Why is a rosebud like a promissory note?—Because it matures by falling dew.

"There is plenty of room at the top," as the bald-headed man said to his full beard.

Why are fishermen and shepherds like beggars?—Because they live by hook and by crook.

If the young man who left the poem, "I want to be at rest" on our desk will call in, we will see that he is accommodated.

A grocer displays the suggestive sign": "If you want soft-soap do not fail to give me a call; I'm sure I can give satisfaction."

"Why did you come here?" asked a lady of a beggar, to which he proudly replied, "I didn't come here for want; I have plenty of that at home."

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, as he jumped wildly from his chair, "I have always been in favor of tax on raw material, but bless me if I like raw material on tacks!"

In an Auburn prison choir the first tenor is a murderer, while the bass and soprano are merely burglars. This bears out what we have previously remarked about amateur tenors.

Mrs. Pinaphor thinks telegraphy ought to be much cheaper than postage, because the former can perform a job in five minutes which requires the mails from one to six days to accomplish.

Old lady to professional street Arab—"Do you go to Sunday school, little boy?" "Naa." "Are you a Protestant?" "No." "A Catholic?" "Naa." "What are you, then?" "Merican."

"I haven't work enough for another servant," said a lady to a girl that applied for a situation.—"Oh, yes, you have, ma'am. It'll take precious little to keep me busy," was the naive response.

A rich contractor was holding forth upon the instability of the world. "Can you account for it, sir?" he asked, turning to Foote.—"Well, not very clearly, he responded, "unless we suppose it was built by contract."

"Does your sister Annie ever say anything about me, sissy?" asked an anxious lover of a little girl.—"Yes," was the reply. "She said if you had rockers on your shoes they'd make such a nice cradle for my doll."

Drug clerk to diffident young lady—"Wish to get something?" Young lady, muttering—"I really believe I've forgotten what I came for." Clerk, who catches the last words—"Camphor; how much, please?"

Smart Boy—"Mr. Plecceman, please, you've got something sticking on to the back of yer coat." Policeman (off his guard)—"What is it?" Smart Boy derisively)—"The buttons! Yah!" (Exit at a hand gallop.]

A lady who was suffering under a slight indisposition told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

An old East Indian relates that he once asked the schoolmaster at Delhi whether the twelve o'clock train from Calcutta was in. "Which?" was his reply; "today's or yesterday's? They're both due, but yesterday's isn't in yet."

A dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill."—"Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squared."

Parish clerk (at a vestry meeting on the question of organ-blower's salary, the rector in the chair): "You see, sir, it isn't as if it was only the hymns, but there's the comin' and the goin' out, and the 'sponses and the prayers, and the Psalms take a wonderful deal o' wind."

An old lady, while visiting the Egyptian department at the Museum, remembering how deceiving show-people are apt to be, pointed to the papyrus and other ancient things, and sternly said to one of the attendants, "See here, young man, be them antikerties old?"

An old man with a head as destitute of hair as a pumpkin, entered a chemist's shop, and told the assistant he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?"—"I'll have to take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color it used to be when I was a boy."

Love under Sirius: "George, do you love me?"—"I did—you know fondly—but——"—"Oh, George, how can you say 'but?' What has changed you?"—"Well, Clara, I have a prejudice—a—a—what in the name of goodness were you caressing that dog for?"—"George, how unjust to poor Fido. He is nothing but a friend."

Found—The key to the trunk of an elephant. A hair from the head of a river. A dozen feathers plucked from the "wings of the wind." A drop of blood from the heart of a stone. The nail from the finger of scorn. The diary of the "man in the moon." A boot from the foot of a mountain. The owners are requested to call, prove properly, pay expenses, and take them away.

"Everybody must grow old, you know," said Mrs. Bass to her husband, who had been remarking upon the rapid aging of one of Mrs. B.'s dear friends, "Not everybody, dear," replied Bass; "everybody who lives long enough, you mean;" adding pathetically, "I should grieve to think that my sweet wife would ever grow old."—It is whispered that the Basses are now living on the best of terms just now.

——The Wilson farm below town was laid out in streets and lots this week.

——A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 18c per pound. Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4, 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35. 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00. 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

AUGUST COURT.

Grand Jurors.—Huston, D Irvine, S Saxton, Philipsburg, W E Irwine, C H Faulkner, E O Mattern, Gregg, S J Herring, H P Heckman, Union, H Potts, O Underwood, Penn, Daniel Kerstetter, Ferguson, J N Campbell, Potter, B H Arney, Wm. Bower, John Harter, Marion, Dan'l Harper, John Sutler, Burnside, Wm. Craft, College, W H Tibbens, Benner, Geo. Kline, Harris, H Weber, Bellefonte, J J Olewine, Taylor, H Davis, Worth, A Sterner.

Traverse, First Week.—Bellefonte, J H Dobbins, J V Thomas, S H Williams, J J McClure, G Marshall, T Gordon, Snow Shoe, W Haines, T Eckly, Benner, S A Marshall, C Dale, jr., W B Eckly, Gregg, Ph. Shook, Wm. Lose, Wm. Weaver, S Bible, Penn, Joseph Kleckner, Millheim, G W Stover, Ferguson, Wm. Maffat, A G Archy, J W Ellenberger, R Crider, Spring, E G Osmer, D Sharrar, N F Weaver, Liberty, Wm. Stover, N Kunes, Halfmoon, G Loner, Miles, Jonath Spangler, Jer. Jones, Reub Stover, Ben Beck, David Shafer, Rush, J T Everly, Walker, W Struble, F Emerick, John Breon, R F Holmes, Joseph Emerick, Burnside, C Veidefer, Howard, Wm. Eckly, Philipsburg, R E Munson, S D Royer, H O Hoffer, Potter, H D Van Pelt, Geo. Emerick, M Derstine, Milesburg, G W Campbell, Haines, Fr. Limbert.

Traverse Second Week.—Ferguson, A L Orndorf, Liberty, L Miller, Huston James Gill, Howard, D W Fletcher, Adam Yearick, W F Leathers, Bellefonte, R A Laird, A Miller, Miles, J B Hazel, Snow Shoe, J Gunsalus, Penn, D Kimport, David Ard, Haines, C Bright, Rush, J Dumbleton, J Fiory, A Bathgate, F W Webb, Philipsburg, J Rhule, Spring, G Haag, Potter, H Shirk, D Heckman, Howard, J A Shenk, Gregg, Ben Limbert, W Bitner, Haines, George Bower, Harris, Adam Hartwick, H Keller, Boggs, H L Barnhart, Curtin, J A Daily, Union, R S Stall, Millheim, J C Smith, Snow Shoe, W Emahiser, Benner, H J Tresler, Worth, Wm. Gates, Spring, J T Tate, Unionville, B Cambridge.

J. D. MURRAY,

Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

MARRIED.

On 20 inst, at Rebersburg, by Rev. Aurand, Mr. Henry Billman, of Lewisburg, and Miss Sallie C. Alters, of Millheim.

On 20, by same, Clement H. Gramley, of Rebersburg, and Miss Lizzie R. Krabe, of Clintondale.

On the 17 inst., Mr. Jacob H. Crouse, of Aaronsburg, and Miss Lizzie Geistwite, of Woodward.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 14, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	50½	—62
Wheat	"	81½	—97
Oats	"	29	—40½
Pork	"	23 00	
Lard	"	7.12½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 95
White & Mixed	90
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, one mile west of Potters Mills, on Saturday, July 26, at 2 p. m., the real estate of Thomas T. Stiver, dec'd, consisting of (1) a tract of highly improved farm-land, with all necessary farm buildings, orchard, good water, etc., thereon, containing 51 ACRES, more or less; and (2) a tract of timber land in the vicinity, containing 51 ACRES, more or less. For further information apply to P. O. Stiver Potters Mills, or on the premises. MARY F. STIVER,
SAMUEL L. STIVER,
16j4 WILLIAM B. STIVER, Executors.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.

The fall term of this institution will open on Monday, July 21, 1884. Special attention given to those preparing to teach. For further information address, W. P. HOSTERMAN, Penn Hall, Pa.

Ladies, a paper pattern will not cost you anything if you purchase your dress at Valentines Store Co., Lim., 51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade, Bellefonte, which is the best and cheapest store for dry-goods, groceries, boots, shoes and general merchandise. 2j4t

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. PEGER, Proprietor. 26dartf

EXCURSION TO WATKINS GLEN AND NIAGARA FALLS.

In response to the many solicitations of the public, the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. are arranging to run an excursion to Watkins Glen and Niagara Falls about August 19. The rates will be low and the accommodations the best. Reduced rates have been secured at the hotels at Watkins Glen and Niagara Falls and reduced rates of admission to all places of interest. Full particulars will be announced in a few days.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

This process of manufacture was invented by James Boss, who started in business in 1854, and the methods and tools used in making these watch cases are covered by patents. *This is the only watch case made under this process.* For many years the introduction of these goods was slow, owing to popular prejudice against "plated" goods, but gradually the public learned that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* was *not* a *cheap gold-washed* or *electro-plated* article, but was made of *genuine gold plates* of *standard quality* and *thickness*. Conscientious adherence to the determination to make the *best* watch case ever put on the market, and the adoption of every improvement suggested, has made the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* the STANDARD. In this watch case the parts most subject to wear—the *bow, crown, hinges, thumb-catches*, etc., are made of SOLID GOLD.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp., three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, August 9, '84, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on the east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ½ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Beam, and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc. Sale at 1 o clock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises of Levi Reader, dec'd, about two miles southwest of Spring Mills, Saturday, August 2, '84, the following described real estate of Levi Reader, dec'd, a Valuable Tract of Land, in Gregg twp., Centre county, adjoining lands of Jacob Jameson, George Gentzel, Henry Vonada, Eli Smith, and others, containing about 80 ACRES, more or less, about 30 acres are clear, the balance white oak timber. Thereon erected a dwelling house and barn. On this tract is an orchard of apples and cherries, a good spring of water and a public road through the land.

Also the undivided ¼ interest in a tract of land situated in Gregg township, adjoining lands of Daniel Breon, John Wagner, Jeremiah Heckman, Harvey Vonada, and others containing 25 ACRES and 56 perches, thereon erected a dwelling house, stable and Potter shop and other buildings. It has a stream of running water, and an orchard of good fruit. The half is well timbered with white oak and hemlock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JAMES D. GENTZEL,
SARAH READER, Adm rs.

PETITIONER'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 442, August Term, 1883.—To John Minder or Nathan Minder, Jno. Minder, Jonas Minder, Benjamin Minder, Jacob Minder, Elias Minder, Elisabeth Fleisher, wife of Henry Fleisher, and Henry Fleisher: Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of August, 1883, the petition of Samuel Bechtol was presented setting forth that on the day of November, A. D. 1841, John Minder conveyed to him a certain tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 30°, east 158 perches to a post; thence south 38°, west 56 perches to a stone; thence north 30°, west 184 perches to a chestnut oak; thence north 60°, east 65 perches to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres and allowance, and joining lands of John Strohm, R. McKim, and other lands of John Minder, that the said John Minder executed a proper deed for the said premises to the petitioner, but that said deed was lost or mislaid, and praying the said Court to award a subpoena directed to all parties in interest to appear and show cause why said lost deed should not be supplied according to the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Whereupon the said Court awarded said subpoena and ordered an advertisement, giving notice of said application and requiring all persons whom it may concern to appear in Court on the 4th Monday of August next to make their answer upon oath or affirmation to said bill or petition.

J. L. SPANGLER,
Attorney for Petitioner.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics, We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Cloths and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIES WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.

WM. WOLF & SON.